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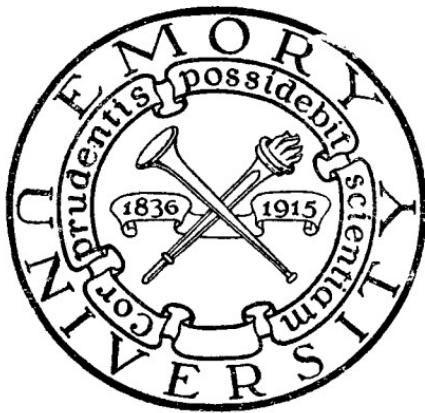
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M E M O I R S
OF
MADAME TUSSAUD

HER EVENTFUL HISTORY

EDITED BY
R. M. HAYLEY, B.A.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
LONDON: BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
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P R E F A C E.

THE great French Revolution may be said to have commenced with the year 1789, but it was not until Sunday the 12th of July in that year that the people began to assemble in the streets, the Palais Royal, &c., in Paris, and defy the soldiers. Blood having once been shed, one atrocity after another was committed, as the predominant party obtained authority. Thus vengeance was executed against the assumed enemies of the people, until Paris streets may be said to have been deluged with blood ; and this continued for several years. Perhaps there never was an epoch which so powerfully exhibited the worst passions of men under political excitement. At the same time, as if to redeem, as it were, the honour of human nature, outraged as it had been by the enormity and multiplicity of crimes which were constantly being perpetrated, there were some instances of the most exalted virtue. Though there were numberless examples of the most diabolical ferocity, yet there were deeds of heroism,

of devotedness, and of patriotism, that well deserve chronicling, particularly if written by one who had been an eye-witness of the principal acts in the terrible national tragedy.

Madame Tussaud, though educated as a professional artist, was for several years the companion of the unfortunate Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI. She had apartments within the Palace of Versailles, where the most magnificent court of Europe was held. She was with the royal family when Marie Antoinette astonished the world with the splendour of her assemblies and the sumptuousness of her banquets ; she wept over the king and queen, the royal princes and princesses, in the dungeons. She saw some of them on their way to execution, and she herself was a prisoner in the same dungeon as Josephine, afterwards the wife of Napoleon I.

It may be thought that Madame Tussaud's attachment to the royal family after experiencing their protection and kindness, would render her testimony of a partial nature ; but after quitting the palace she came into close association with Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Necker, Duc d'Orléans, Mirabeau, Robespierre, &c., which produced a counteraction in her mind, and served to modify her feelings on the subject. Previous to leaving France, the country of her

adoption, Madame Tussaud had interviews with Napoleon the Great and his followers ; she saw the nation pass through many phases, she wept over countless friends whose headless forms were ever visible to her mind. Three brothers and two uncles died in defending their sovereign ; republican friends saved her from torture or death, but were at the same time suspected of poisoning the uncle with whom she resided. She had been forced to take her place at the scaffold whilst the heads of her dearest friends were severed from their bodies, and she was thankful to leave a country that reminded her of so many sad and painful events.

It was only when quietly settled in England, free from the danger of being imprisoned as a Royalist, a Jacobin, or conspirator, that Madame Tussaud noted down her recollections of the past, with numerous comments on men and manners. The personalities of the different characters she delineates may be taken *cum grano salis*, for it is possible that prejudice may have pictured some better and some worse than they really were in the eyes of other people ; but it may be confidently asserted that Madame Tussaud was far more likely to be accurate than authors and historians who had heard but not seen ; and further be it remembered, that she was by profession an artist, and, therefore,

a more close observer of physical appearances than others.

The Memoirs written by Madame Tussaud are very voluminous, and the publishers, seeing the value of the information therein conveyed, prevailed upon the descendants and representatives of the deceased lady to allow them to be published in a cheap form for the benefit of the public. Hence in the following pages will be found a condensed though accurate account of the chief events which occurred during Madame Tussaud's residence in France, comprising a period of more than thirty years ; and also a brief biographical sketch of the lady herself and the many phases she passed through in a long and eventful life.



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M E M O I R S
OF
M A D A M E T U S S A U D.

CHAPTER I.

Early History and Reminiscences—M. Curtius—The Prince de Conti, Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, &c.

A BOUT 1750 a widow, named Marie Walter, settled in Berne, Switzerland. She had arrived at middle age, but was still very beautiful, or rather what may be termed handsome. She had seven sons, and being the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, she determined to have her children educated in her native city. At this period a veteran soldier named Gresholtz also took up his residence at Berne. The name of Gresholtz is as renowned in Germany as Percy is in England, Montmorency in France, or Vicomti in Italy.

Joseph Gresholtz had been aide-de-camp to General Wurmser, with whom he had served during the Seven Years' War, and was so mutilated with wounds that his forehead was laid bare, and his lower jaw having been shot away, its place had to be supplied by a silver plate. He was, however, a hero and highly esteemed, and the widow, Marie Walter, accepted him as her second husband, the ceremony of their marriage being witnessed by all the *élite* in Berne. M. Gresholtz did not long survive the union ; he died in 1760, and two months after his death little Marie was born, the lady who afterwards became Madame Tussaud.

Madame Gresholtz remained in Berne six years after her second widowhood, and then she yielded to her brother's earnest entreaties to take up her abode with him in Paris, and with this visit commences the extraordinary career of Madame Tussaud. Her uncle, John Christopher Curtius, was some years previously practising his profession as a medical man at Berne, when the Prince de Conti, happened to be sojourning in that city, and having accidentally seen some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled in wax by M. Curtius, the Prince was so struck with the exquisite delicacy and beauty which these ingenious specimens of art displayed, that he called upon the artist, and personally complimenting him upon his talent, offered

to give not only his own patronage, but secure him the support of many members of the royal family and the principal nobility in France if he would take up his residence in Paris, and further, that at the outset his royal highness would provide for him at his own cost suitable apartments.

M. Curtius, who had hitherto considered himself only an amateur in the art of modelling, was overjoyed at the approbation of a royal prince, especially one so wealthy and powerful as the Prince de Conti was at that period, and he at once profited by so favourable an opportunity. Renouncing, therefore, the medical profession, he proceeded to Paris, where he found that his royal patron had selected for him handsome apartments at the Hôtel d'Allègre, in the Rue St. Honoré. The artist's time was for a considerable period wholly occupied in executing orders for the prince, whose liberality and kindness not only equalled but rather surpassed his promises. The art of modelling in wax was at that period in France considered a fashionable accomplishment, and M. Curtius's studio became one of the lions of Paris. It was, after having practised his profession for some years, that the gifted artist, finding himself in a good pecuniary position, repaired to Berne for the purpose of taking back with him to Paris his sister and her children. Little Marie Gresholtz was then but six years of

age, but no sooner did her uncle's eyes fall upon her than he said, "From this time you are my adopted daughter." She appears to have been a precocious child, and immediately fell in with these views, replying, "Then I shall not call you uncle any more ; I shall call you father." In her declining years Madame Tussaud said she had a perfect recollection of her arrival in Paris, and that she remembered with the most perfect distinctness all the circumstances connected with the accession to the throne of Louis XVI., which happened about eight years after her adoption.

It was indeed a wonderful change from the quiet homeliness of her mother's residence at Berne to be introduced, child as she was, to all the great and noble in France, for the house of M. Curtius at that period was the resort of the most talented men of the day, particularly as regarded the literati and artists. Amongst those who were frequently in the habit of dining at her uncle's, Madame Tussaud specially remembered Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr. Franklin, Mirabeau, and La Fayette ; for though she was very young when the two former died, every circumstance connected with them made a powerful impression upon her mind. Early reminiscences are often the most permanent, and when the *amour propre* is flattered by a personal compliment are indelibly impressed upon the mind, even

in childhood. Thus Madame Tussaud well recollected, when she was only eight or nine years of age, Voltaire used to pat her on the cheek, and tell her "she was a pretty dark-eyed girl." But independent of this, little Marie Gresholtz must have had observation far beyond her years, and appears rather to have preferred the association of older persons to those of her own age. Early accustomed to sit at her uncle's table, she speaks in her Memoirs of the enjoyment she had in hearing the conversation of adults and persons possessed of superior talent, and she tells us how well she remembers the literary discussions which were sometimes conducted with much bitterness by the opposing partisans of the favourite authors of the day, observing that she never could forget the acrimony displayed between Voltaire and Rousseau in their disputes in the support, perhaps, of some metaphysical theory, in which themselves alone could feel interested, while the reflecting Dr. Franklin would calmly regard them, merely a faint smile sometimes enlivening his countenance as he coolly contemplated the infuriated disputants; but the young La Fayette was full of fire and animation, listening with eagerness to all that passed, and his features, expressive of his ardent temperament, formed a singular contrast to the philosophic doctor at whose side he sat, whilst the eloquence of Mirabeau shed

a lustre on their *conversazioni*, composed as they were of such a nucleus of talent as might justly entitle them to be styled “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Madame Tussaud's Memoirs record many of these conversations, and in some instances she vividly describes the speakers. She says that Rousseau often made bitter complaints against Voltaire for pirating his ideas. Rousseau would, in the innocence of his heart, proclaim all his inspirations to his friends, which were purely original, at M. Curtius's table, and which were intended to form the foundation of a future work, he ever specifying that such was his object; yet he constantly had the mortification to find that Voltaire would forestall him by bringing out a volume containing those very opinions which his rival had expressed, and in fact the very thoughts and subjects on which he had dilated, and designed as the outlines and substance of his next production. During the conversation Voltaire would scarcely appear to listen, or perhaps take the opposite view of the question and argue with vehemence against the very doctrine which he would soon after publish to the world as his own. Bitter indeed would be the venom which was emitted when, after one of these publications appeared, the two authors met. Rousseau would launch out against Voltaire, whilst

the latter's biting sarcasms in reply would nearly drive Rousseau mad, and he would quite lose his self-possession. When Voltaire retired, then would Rousseau give free vent to all his rage against his arch rival, till he would exhaust all the abusive vocabulary of the French language in expressing his wrath, exclaiming, "*Oh le vieux singe, le scélérat, le coquin!* (Oh the old monkey, the knave, the rascal !)," until he was fatigued by the fury of his passion. He was younger than Voltaire by sixteen years, but they both died in the same year. The personal appearance of these two rivals, Madame Tussaud says, was most singularly contrasted, Voltaire being very tall and thin, with a very small face, which had a shrivelled appearance, and he wore a large flowing wig, like those which were in fashion during Louis XIV's reign. He was generally dressed in a brown coat with gold lace at the button-holes, and a waistcoat to match, with large lappets reaching nearly to the knees, and smallclothes of cloth of a similar description, a little cocked hat, and large shoes, with a flap covering the instep, and striped silk stockings. He had a very long thin neck, and when full-dressed had ends to his neckcloth of rich lace, which hung down as low as his waist. His ruffles were of the same material, and in accordance with the fashion of the day. He wore powder and a sword.

Rousseau was much below the middle height, and inclined to be stout. He wore a short round wig with curls, something like that worn by George III., or such as coachmen of the aristocracy frequently wear now in England ; he generally dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, very plain and much resembling the dress of a Quaker ; but at one period of his life he adopted the Armenian costume, wearing a long robe trimmed with fur, and cap of the same material.

Dr. Franklin Madame Tussaud describes as being an agreeable companion. His personal appearance was that of the most perfect simplicity, and his manners truly amiable. He was a stout man, about five feet ten inches in height ; his eyes were grey and complexion light ; his hair was very long and grey ; he always dressed in black, and his clothes were made in the old-fashioned style ; he had, however, particularly fine legs, and was very proud of his dancing.

The Marquis de la Fayette was a tall, handsome young man. He dressed in the costume then worn by a gentleman who affected not the extreme of fashion or the reverse ; he was elegant in manners, full of vivacity, and extremely enthusiastic. Franklin was his bosom friend, and from him La Fayette imbibed those ideas which led him across the Atlantic to aid the Americans in what

he considered their struggle for freedom. Madame Tussaud, in soliloquizing upon this, says, "From what comparatively irrelevant and unsuspected causes spring the mightiest events which shake the power of kingdoms and of empires. The primary cause of the French Revolution may be attributed to Dr. Franklin's visit to Paris, as La Fayette was not alone in becoming the disciple of the trans-atlantic philosopher, for the minds of numbers of young enthusiasts amongst the French nobility also became impregnated with the seeds of republicanism which, quickly germinating, were now extended to all parts of France."

The Count de Mirabeau was five feet ten, and proportionately stout. He wore a profusion of his own hair, powdered, and ever in a wild state. His clothes were generally of black corded velvet, made in the fashion of Louis XIV. He was much pitted with the small-pox, had very dark eyes, and his countenance was particularly animated when speaking. His powers of oratory have always been considered to exceed those of any other individual who figured in the Revolution; but their merits suffered much detraction from his violence and proneness to revenge. He was supposed, however, to have been a sincere patriot, whether mistaken or otherwise as to the means he adopted of serving his country. He used often to dine at

M. Curtius's ; but Madame Tussaud asserts that so much was Mirabeau addicted to ineptitude that before he quitted the house he became so disagreeable that her uncle always declared that he would never invite him again : yet when Mirabeau paid his next visit, such were the effects of his fascination that he was sure to receive from the artist another invitation, M. Curtius forgetting all the faults of the talented orator when charmed with the engaging powers of his conversation. Although of noble birth, to display his contempt of rank and title he rented a shop and sold cloth by the yard, to the immense disgust of the French aristocracy. He was, however, a great libertine and spendthrift, and having dissipated a large fortune he became overwhelmed with debts and embarrassments. Doubts are generally entertained whether he died a natural death ; many suppose he was poisoned. Be that as it may, he retained his firmness to the last moment, and as he resigned his breath his hand wrote—"to sleep."

Voltaire was a frequent visitor at M. Curtius's house, and was immensely popular at this time in Paris, and Madame Tussaud, who did not like his principles, admired many of his actions.

CHAPTER II.

Uncle and Niece—Celebrated Characters—The Niece at the Palace—Luxuries of the Court—Poverty of the French Peasantry.

MARIE GRESHOLTZ, however, did not employ the whole of her time in entertaining guests or in contemplating upon men and manners. She early imbibed not only a taste but an interest for that art in which M. Curtius so much excelled; and so closely did she imitate her uncle that after a few years it was impossible to distinguish as to the degrees of excellence between their performances. At that period modelling in wax was much in vogue, in which representations of flowers, fruit, and other subjects were often most beautifully executed; and to such a perfection had the niece arrived in giving character and accuracy to her portraits, that, whilst still very young, to her was confided the task of taking casts from the heads of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Mirabeau, and the principal men of the day, who most patiently submitted themselves to the hands of the fair artist.

The cast which she took from the face of Voltaire was only two months before he died.

Now we arrive at the crowning feature in Madame Tussaud's history—one which ever afterwards attached her to the royal family of France, which led her, in her zeal for the royal cause, to be herself imprisoned, to deeply sympathize with the sufferings of many innocent persons, and finally to leave the country of her adoption and settle in England, thankful to be free from the dreadful acts committed by all parties during the period of the French Revolution.

Amongst the numerous members of the royal family who were often accustomed to visit M. Curtius's apartments, and admire his works and those of his niece, was Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister. The princess, being desirous herself to learn the art of modelling in wax, sought the services of Madlle. Gresholtz, and her royal highness became so attached to her young instructress that she applied to M. Curtius to permit his niece to reside at the palace of Versailles, and become her companion and friend. Madame Tussaud never forgot the kindness she received within the palace, nor the amiable qualities of the members of the royal family. She says in her Memoirs, "Had not the rank and misfortunes of Madame Elizabeth claimed the sympathy of posterity, her vir-

tues alone so endeared her to those who knew the royal lady, that her memory would still have been indelibly impressed upon the hearts of those who enjoyed her friendship. She was strictly religious and charitable, in the purest sense of the word, in all her thoughts and actions ; benevolence and a sense of generosity characterized all she did." In fact, so amiable does Madame Tussaud represent the princess to have been, that up to the close of her own life she could never speak of Madame Elizabeth without shedding tears. The young artist was required to sleep in the next room to her royal highness, in order to be near her, and very frequently Mademoiselle Gresholtz was the means of conveying alms to private pensioners ; and so munificent was the princess in dispensing her benefactions for the alleviation of the condition of the unfortunate, that she generally anticipated her allowance, and very frequently borrowed money rather than reject the appeal of an individual whom she thought needed relief.

Concerning the habits of the Princess Elizabeth, Madame Tussaud says, "The princess would frequently rise at six, and ride for an hour or two ; then, having breakfasted, she would occupy herself with tambour-working, reading, writing, and sometimes playing upon the harpsichord, which, with other fashionable amusements, generally employed

the greater portion of her time. She was very fond of modelling in wax, figures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and other holy subjects, many of which she presented to her friends. But one of her occupations strongly exemplifies the superstition of that period. It was the custom, if any person was afflicted by lameness in the arm or leg, to send a model of the limb affected to some church, hoping that the saint to whom it might be dedicated would effect a cure, or intercede with a higher power to restore the member to its pristine vigour. Madame Elizabeth, therefore, with pious zeal, would often model in wax the legs and arms of decrepit persons who desired it, and these were afterwards suspended at the churches of Ste. Geneviève, St. Sulpice, and Des Capucins du Marché des Enfants Rouges."

The palace of Versailles, where Madame Elizabeth with the rest of the royal family resided, was specially celebrated at that day as one of the most magnificent in the world. At the period when Madame Tussaud was a guest at this palace, the Court was revelling in the acme of its gaiety. In the preceding reign, pleasure, luxury, dissipation, and even debauchery, had arrived at their climax; but when Louis XVI., with Marie Antoinette, ascended the throne, although all that was splendid, with every display of wealth and grandeur

in the fêtes and entertainments, still remained, yet they were in some degree divested of the vice and licentiousness which were uncontrollably apparent throughout the reign of their predecessor. A higher cultivation of the arts, the improving state of literature, the study of different accomplishments, an increased attention to the various branches of education—all contributed to induce a greater degree of refinement in the Court of Versailles than at that of any other Court in Europe, whilst it was unrivalled for its brilliance and its gaiety, for France had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry. Such a Court, presided over by a queen whose personal charms were only equalled by the elegance and affability of her deportment, operated as a magnet which attracted the majority of the French nobility. All strove to pay their court to the rising sun ; all were endeavouring to outvie each other in the strain of compliment with which they addressed their royal mistress, whose superior qualifications justly commanded their admiration, while a constant attempt at expressing their deep sense of her perfections created a high-flown style of language and an habitual tone of gallantry, until it became the necessary style in high society for ladies to be addressed in an exalted tone of imagery ever intended to convey flattery, yet in such a form

that it could not shock the ear by too direct an appeal to the understanding, leaving, as it were, a veil, however faint, to be removed before the naked compliment could appear : hence a figurative mode of speech and an excess of politeness were engendered which could only gratify when accompanied, as they then were, by an elegance of mien and a grace of manner which gave a blandishment to every word and action which emanated from the French *noblesse* of that period.

Whatever could be added to the fascination of the colloquial powers by adorning the person was not neglected ; the expense and richness displayed in costumes far exceeded that which is exhibited in the present day, particularly as regards male attire. The rich and costly embroidery with which the gentlemen's drapery was then bedecked had a far more brilliant effect than the plain coats and waistcoats of our own times ; lace frills, powder, a sword, and diamond buckles much contributed to give *éclat* to the male costume of that day, whilst the stomachers of the females were often one blaze of diamonds.

But with the soft and gentle manners of the women, and the gallant and chivalrous tone of the men, a constant air of extreme gaiety was united, moving, as they were, in a vortex of pleasure. Their minds were employed upon nothing beyond

devising new inventions for varying their enjoyments ; but whilst experiencing a succession of these luxurious delights, whilst following a career of extravagant dissipation, and whilst basking in the lap of voluptuous ecstasy, it must not be imagined that the pleasant vices were wholly banished from the palace of Versailles. Gaming, in particular, predominated to an excess, the queen and princess losing deeply, whilst the Duke of Orleans won to an immense amount. Intrigues of various descriptions were by no means strangers, although not so prevalent as during the reign of Louis XV. Constantly conforming to the habits and etiquette of the Court had engendered a love of dress and a degree of effeminacy in the men which lowered them in the estimation of other nations.

It is necessary to say this before we turn to the other side of the picture which Madame Tussaud so graphically describes in the Memoirs she has left behind her. She says, "Let us turn awhile from those scenes of revelry, from those gorgeous assemblies where wealth was lavished with a reckless hand, where profusion and luxury abounded even to satiety, where the cup of pleasure was quaffed till its votaries were bewildered with delirium of enjoyment ; and let us behold the source from whence came the means to supply these

costly banquets. And what do we see but an impoverished country, a peasantry in the last stages of deprivation and misery, by the people being so oppressively and injudiciously taxed that the cultivator, on whom the burden principally fell, could scarcely, even by his own hard-earned labour, obtain a miserable sustenance, the major part of his produce being absorbed by the exactions of the State ? An English author who travelled in France at that period stated that he had seen a plough drawn by a wretched horse, a cow, a donkey, and a goat, whilst a peasant without shoes and stockings guided it, as a half-naked urchin was endeavouring to whip his miserable team forward." This, Madame Tussaud thinks, must be an exaggerated picture, but she is ready to admit that the excessive extravagance of the French Court was paid at that period by the sweat of the peasant's brow.

This was written after years of reflection ; but still Madame Tussaud insists in saying that Louis XVI. was kept in ignorance of his people's sufferings ; that Marie Antoinette, his queen, combined every attribute which could be united to constitute loveliness and amiability in woman, possessing youth, grace, and elegance to a degree never surpassed, a sweetness and fascination in her manners enchanting all who ever had the hap-

piness to be greeted by the beam of her smile, in which there was a witchery that has more than once converted the fury of her most brutal enemies into admiration. She was above the middle height, and had a commanding air, such as did not exact but that won obedience ; her complexion was so extremely fair that Madame Le Brun, the celebrated portrait painter of that period, observed, when taking the picture of the queen, that it was impossible for the art of colouring to render justice to the exquisite delicacy and transparency of her skin. So fair a being, and one who occupied so exalted a position, could not fail to constantly meet with the poison of adulation, but it never sullied the purity of her heart, at least as far as Madame Tussaud was enabled to judge, and she formed her opinion from a thorough knowledge of the character of Marie Antoinette, which she conceived she had the best opportunity of acquiring from having so long lived under the same roof as her royal mistress. That she was fond of pleasure, dress, and admiration there can be no doubt, and that to the latter she might lend too willing an ear is possible, but that she ever was induced to be guilty of any dereliction from morality Madame Tussaud regards as the foulest calumny.

Louis XVI. was a man of portly appearance, rather handsome than otherwise ; he was nearly

five feet ten in height, but perhaps stouter than is consistent with our ideas of a handsome figure. He was an intellectual man, however he might lack that nerve and decision of character which was so peculiarly demanded by the extraordinary events which took place during his reign, and the very critical positions in which he was placed. He did not enter freely into all the extravagance and dissipation of the Court, but wanted firmness and resolution to repress those costly banquets and expensive nights of revelry in which he would not participate. Instead of joining the gay throng he would often retire to his studies ; and though hunting was said to be his favourite pursuit, Madame Tussaud says lock-making was his darling recreation, and that he would be occupied hours each day in making locks, and that many of those on the doors of the palace of Versailles were made by his own hands. She had often opportunities of conversing with his majesty, and ever found him very affable and unreserved in his manner, which was untainted by any assumption of pride or superiority, and his demeanour perfectly free from that appearance of condescension or air of protection which persons of his rank so often adopt towards their inferiors.

CHAPTER III.

The Dauphin and Dauphiness—Imposing Ceremonies at Nôtre Dame—The King and the People—The *Poissardes*—The Monks and the Algerian Slaves.

SO much did the taste for resemblances in wax prevail during the reign of Louis XVI. that his majesty, the queen, and all the members of the royal family, and most of the eminent characters of the day submitted to M. Curtius and his niece whilst they took models of them ; and when the ambassadors of Tippoo Sahib were at Paris, the Court amused themselves in a singular manner with the credulity of the Indians. After they had seen the exhibition of M. Curtius's wax figures, they were shown, as they supposed, wax figures of the members of the king's household at the palace of Versailles ; but instead of being wax models the courtiers themselves entered the glass cases, and the king and queen were highly amused at the remarks of the Indians, who were forcibly struck with the life resemblance.

Of all the interesting characters who visited

Madame Elizabeth, Madame Tussaud says she was most charmed with the Princesse de Lamballe, whose misfortunes and fatal end afterwards excited so deep a sympathy that her name can scarcely be pronounced without causing an involuntary shudder. She was rather under the middle stature, remarkable for the extraordinary fairness of her skin, had light hair, a good colour, aquiline nose, and blue eyes, the chin rather too long and prominent, and altogether more pleasing than handsome. But her amiable qualities and sweetness of manners endeared her to all who had the opportunity of appreciating her merits. This unfortunate princess was born in 1749, at Turin, and was christened Marie Therèse Louise de Savoie-Carignan. She married the Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duc de Penthièvre; and only six weeks after they were united, he was killed in a duel by the Prince de Condé in the gardens of the Temple, for which the latter was temporarily exiled to his estates. She consequently became a widow, and remained so. She was a very intimate friend of Madame Elizabeth and the queen, and used frequently to visit them.

We have not space to dwell upon Turgot, Sartine, the Comte d'Estaing, the Comte St. Germain, Comte de Vergennes, Malesherbes, and others who were guests at Versailles during the time when

Madame Tussaud had apartments in the palace ; but as a sweet innocent child is ever an object of interest, the little Dauphin must not be forgotten. He was considered, says Madame Tussaud, much to resemble his mother, having the same pure complexion, beaming with all the freshness of childhood, a fine head of curling hair flowing on his shoulders, light blue eyes, and a countenance which had much sweetness of expression. In his costume a taste for that which was English was displayed, as he was clad in a little blue jacket and trousers, just like an English sailor, except that there was a difference in the material, the former being of silk and the latter of linen, something finer than such as are worn by those whom it was intended to imitate.

The Dauphiness, afterwards the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame Tussaud describes as a most charming little girl. Alas ! how little did she then think for what a troubled life she was destined, and that she was doomed to lose her father, mother, and aunt upon the scaffold. She, like her brother, had beautiful light hair, which flowed in rich profusion over her fair neck. She was decidedly a handsome child, usually dressed very simply, generally a white muslin frock with a blue sash. The child was lively and engaging in her manners, ever ready to converse freely with those

with whom she came in contact, always intelligent, and generally in high spirits.

The Archbishop of Paris baptized the Dauphiness the day after her birth, but six weeks afterwards the grand and formal ceremony of her baptism took place in the church of Versailles with great pomp, when all the royal family, ministers, ambassadors, and high authorities assisted at the ceremony. One of the most magnificent and imposing spectacles, however, was the celebration of a Te Deum at Nôtre Dame, when the queen was sufficiently recovered to undergo the fatigues necessarily attendant upon such a ceremony. The royal family, the cardinals, and all the high dignitaries of the Church, with the ministry and those who held offices about the Court, in the richest equipages, and with a numerous attendance of troops of the finest regiments in Paris, decked in military pomp, swelled the gorgeous procession, which slowly bent its course to the cathedral, wherein was held the high pontifical mass.

In commenting upon this grand ceremony Madame Tussaud says, "Whatever may be the persuasion or creed of any person, if one atom of human feeling glows within him, he cannot but feel awed at the grandeur and solemnity of the celebration of high mass, and above all in so ancient and venerable a building as Nôtre Dame.

To enter within its porch, when nothing is heard but soft footsteps, creates a calm and holy sensation which absorbs the mind and removes it from all worldly thoughts, to which an awful stillness adds greater force; the subdued light glowing richly from the painted window, and a solemn gloom pervading the long-drawn aisles attuning the soul to meditation and repose. But when the organ's full tones echo from the Gothic walls and expand into the vaulted roof, when its softer notes in plaintive melody just melt upon the ear, and when the full choir resounds from the towers, as if ascending to the heavens as the pealing anthem swells the note of praise, is there a sensation in the world more sublime, more affecting, or more inspiring to the heart of man? The brilliant costumes of the princes and nobles of France, the splendid robes of the cardinals, the rich vestments of the prelates and ecclesiastical dignitaries, the glittering altars, the burning tapers, the rising incense, the subdued light which faintly leaves the imagination to form the objects fading from the sight, the grand conception that all are met to exalt their thoughts in adoration of the same Supreme Being, and where the potent monarch and the lowly peasant alike in reverence bend the knee, all conspire to elevate the mind above every other sublunary feeling."

Whilst in the palace all was gaiety, all was splendour, without there were murmurings, but these never appeared to have reached the royal ear. Madame Tussaud says that, on reflecting upon those days spent at the Palace of Versailles, she considers it remarkable how little notice was apparently taken at Court of the disturbances and political storms which were raging and fomenting without. She, however, remembers often to have seen Madame Elizabeth weeping, and she could only suppose that these tears were caused by the increasing troubles which menaced her brother's kingdom. She well recollects the circumstance of the king banishing his Parliament, but no conversation was held upon the subject at the palace, although she remembers her most intimate friend, Madame Campan (afterwards appointed governess to the children of the Legion of Honour), observing in confidence how important a bearing it would have on the future progress of State affairs, how dangerous was such a measure, and how much she dreaded the consequences. But there appeared generally a sort of understanding, even amongst the attendants in the palace, that politics should be a forbidden subject ; so that it was only by accident that Madame Tussaud ever heard of the transactions which were occurring relative to the Government, and threatening its dissolution, with

that of the monarchy, and in fact of all social order.

Indeed, it would seem that the courtiers did all they could to keep Louis XVI. in the dark concerning the democratic feeling of the nation, and until too late the king believed his subjects were loyal and his actions generally approved. Some powerful instances of attachment of the people to the throne were displayed whilst Madame Tussaud resided in the palace, one of which made a deep impression upon the king, and proved to his mind the patriotism of his subjects. On the arrival of the news relative to the defeat of the Comte de Grasse, with the loss of the magnificent ship of the line the *Ville de Paris*, a tremendous sensation was excited, and the deepest national regret expressed, although the high reputation that able commander had attained was rather increased than diminished by the very gallant defence he made against a superior force, and immediately numbers of the inhabitants of Paris met upon the subject and sent assurances to the king that a subscription had been guaranteed to the amount required for building a ship of similar power.

It is rather curious that one class of persons who were always considered most loyal should, in the end, become the most rancorous and violent

in the revolution against the sovereign and all monarchical authority. The *poissardes* (fisher-women) used to come to the palace on every birthday of the royal family with a corbeil of flowers, some twenty of them being admitted upon each occasion carrying bouquets to the presence of the queen, headed by a Madame Baupré, who usually was bedecked with jewels and gaily dressed for the occasion. She was the largest purchaser of fish in the market, and considered a person of high importance among her sisterhood, as were all the others in a minor degree who were admitted into the presence of majesty.

One very interesting ceremony Madame Tussaud witnessed whilst at Versailles. A procession consisting of monks from the convent of Maturin (*vicille rue du Temple*) came to the palace for the purpose of raising money to ransom the French subjects who were in slavery in Algiers. The fathers wore a loose white gown with a red cross and black cowl, and they were accompanied by many of the unfortunate beings who had already been released from the bondage and privations which they had long endured during their detention under the Dey of Algiers; their appearance was such as to excite the deepest sympathy. They were dressed as sailors, and wore the chains upon them with which they had

been loaded whilst in captivity ; their beards had been suffered to grow, which gave them a venerable appearance, increased by their bended bodies, which had been borne down by the weight of the manacles which they had been compelled ever to drag with them as they pursued their weary toil. It was in order to convey a true picture of their sufferings that they carried with them their fetters as they slowly moved along the streets of Paris and Versailles making application for alms from house to house. These miserable objects had the marks of premature age indelibly stamped upon their countenances, evidently produced from excess of labour, insufficiency of food, and exposure in a hot climate to the burning rays of a nearly vertical sun. The sympathies of the public were powerfully excited, and the contributions received were enormous. The procession marched to the palace, and the poor creatures were hospitably received, the monks abstaining from taking any refreshment. Ultimately the released slaves were conducted to the church, and at the foot of the altar were relieved of their chains.



CHAPTER IV

M. Curtius recalls his Niece from the Palace—The Gathering Storm—Calonne—Necker—Duc d'Orléans—The Mob and their Fury—Conflict with the Soldiers—The National Guard.

MANY and great had been the changes in the public mind during the many months that the young artist remained in the Palace of Versailles, but she was entirely ignorant of these matters. At the commencement of the year 1789, M. Curtius was anxious to have his niece once more under his own roof ; accordingly, he repaired to Versailles and made arrangements for her departure, and with much reluctance she took leave of her kind friend and patron, Madame Elizabeth. Soon after being installed again as her uncle's housekeeper, Madame Tussaud found that his guests were of a different stamp from those who had formerly visited him, and that he himself had very much changed his views in regard to loyalty. Formerly, philosophers and the amateurs and professors of literature, the arts, and sciences, ever resorted to the hospitable dwelling of M.

Curtius ; but they were replaced by fanatic politicians, furious demagogues, and wild theorists, for ever thundering forth their anathemas against monarchy, haranguing on the different forms of government, and propounding their extravagant ideas on republicanism ; yet amongst them were men of learning and talent. Voltaire and Rousseau had gone to their last homes, Franklin had returned to America, La Fayette and Mirabeau were deeply engaged, but still occasionally found time to visit M. Curtius. The political affairs of France at this time were beginning to assume a most serious aspect, and every symptom of an approaching convulsion was apparent throughout Paris and most of the provinces. Every week appeared big with some event which portended the nearer approach of the gathering storm. Amongst the most prominent characters at this period was M. de Calonne, the unpopular Minister of Finance. He was a short, stout man, but had most polished manners, and was in every way a complete courtier. His devotion to the queen surpassed that of any other minister ; consequently he was a great favourite at the Court, and proportionally disliked by the people. The prodigality of this minister at last excited universal indignation, except amongst the small coterie who supported him ; the day of reckoning arrived, an immense deficit was

discovered in the public accounts ; the minister fled from France, and took shelter in London, taking with him several objects of *vertu* which belonged to the nation, and which were afterwards exhibited at Wigley's Rooms in Spring Gardens. These were afterwards sold by auction, to pay the debts M. de Calonne had incurred in England. So much was he abhorred by the French people, that after he had left the country the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was attacked by the mob and had a narrow escape for his life, simply because he had supported the ex-minister.

The first event which may be cited as the sanguinary commencement of the Revolution Madame Tussaud only too well remembered. The Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis Philippe, and Monsieur Necker were very great favourites of the people. The former had been threatened with exile to his estate of Villa Cotterets, and the dismissal of the latter had greatly incensed the people ; and they began to assemble in the streets, Palais Royal, &c., on Sunday, July 12, 1789. “Vive Necker !” and “Vive le Duc d’Orléans !” were alternately shouted, and at last it was suggested that they should proceed to M. Curtius’s museum of waxworks, and demand the busts of their two favourites. The idea was no sooner suggested than executed, and the mob

rushed *en masse* to the exhibition-room on the Boulevard du Temple, requiring the busts of these two men. M. Curtius met them very politely, and immediately granted their request. They then demanded the bust of the king, but the artist objected to give them that, observing "that it was a full-length bust, and would fall to pieces if carried about." The mob were so satisfied with this answer that they clapped their hands, shouting, "Bravo, Curtius! bravo!" Having obtained the busts of Necker, and the Duc d'Orléans, they elevated them upon small pedestals, placed them on their heads, and, covering them with crape, paraded them through the streets. When they arrived at that part of the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place Vendôme, they were encountered by a detachment of a German regiment called "Royal Cravate" (commanded by the Prince de Limbesc), which instantly rushed upon the people, wounding several, and amongst others a private of the French Guards, whose regiment had but a few days before been engaged in dispute with the Royal Germans. The former being close at hand in barracks in the Place Louis XV., and being as much attached to the people as they detested the Germans, fired upon the latter; whereupon the Prince de Limbesc retreated into the gardens of the Tuileries, and there charged the people, who were quietly walk-

ing and enjoying their usual Sunday promenade. A very old man was the first who fell a sacrifice, and the execration of the people against the Germans was long and loud. The utmost confusion followed, and the gardens were speedily cleared, whilst the troops surrounding Paris collected in the Champs de Mars and the Place Louis XV.

Madame Tussaud, in her Memoirs, states that it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the rage and indignation which these wanton acts of cruelty on the part of the Prince de Limbesc excited amongst the populace ; and to his imprudent and inhuman conduct may be attributed in a great measure the sanguinary scenes which followed. No notice whatever was given to the persons assembled that any violence was to be adopted against them by the military, who commenced their assault upon the mob so suddenly, and they were taken by such surprise, that the option of dispersing or obeying any order to that effect was not afforded them.

As might have been anticipated, the busts of Necker and the Duc d'Orléans were totally destroyed in the confusion occasioned by the conflict which ensued between the military and the people ; a portion of the mob, however, returned to M. Curtius with some pieces of the head of Necker, but of the Duke's bust nothing was ever seen or heard

afterwards ; in all probability it was trodden to atoms in the hurry and disorder which occurred among the populace in endeavouring to escape from the troops.

The tocsin having thus been sounded by the injudicious conduct of the Prince de Limbesc, a universal terror succeeded, which now yielded to fury, and “To arms ! to arms !” was the cry of the people as they hurried through the streets to the Hôtel de Ville, where the electors of the general assembly met, and could not refuse compliance with the mob, who demanded weapons, and who, in point of fact, began to help themselves to such as they could find.

At this period Madame Tussaud describes the consternation at its height. The greater part of the respectable inhabitants dreaded the effects which might be expected from an armed rabble, whilst others were fearing an attack from the royal troops. These fears induced the citizens to assemble, and for their mutual protection to form themselves into a kind of civic guard, adopting the Parisian cockade, which was red and blue ; and this may be considered as the origin of the National Guard.



CHAPTER V

Madness of the People—The Bastille Seized—The Horrible Dungeons—Madame Tussaud's Visit—Saved by Robespierre—His Denunciations of Oppression—Diplomacy Extraordinary—A Deposed Minister Hanged—Murder and Famine—Women Delegates—Anniversary of the Destruction of the Bastille—Enthusiasm of the People.

EVERY day, after the attack upon the people in the Versailles gardens, brought with it some fresh causes of alarm to the peace-loving subjects. The gunsmiths' shops were plundered, and numbers of dangerous characters were seen armed with all kinds of war weapons; some of the mob wore helmets that had been discarded by the army. Madder and madder grew the people; they broke into the ancient armoury and Garde-Meuble, and seized thirty thousand muskets from the Invalides, and six pieces of cannon. The house of St. Lazare, a convent of monks, was pillaged for food and money. The latter act was, however, said to be the work of a set of brigands, supposed to have been the same gang who some time previously plundered and burnt the house of a man named

Reveillon, a large manufacturer of stained paper in the Faubourg St. Antoine, pretending that they did so in revenge for his reducing the wages of three hundred of his employés. The people, as a rule, confined their plunder to arms, not touching money or other valuables, and indeed punishing as far as was in their power any persons found guilty of theft.

The mob appearing to increase every hour in number and strength, the National Assembly sent a representation to the king of the state of excitement existing in Paris, and imploring his majesty to remove the troops surrounding the city, who, being so obnoxious to the people, caused such irritation as to be dangerous to the public welfare. The king foolishly answered, "I am the best judge of the necessity of the troops remaining where they are."

The populace soon became cognizant of the king's intention to retain the hated troops, and they became desperate ; they congregated about the Bastille. "There can be no liberty," said one, "whilst that prison stands." The words had a magical effect, and on the celebrated 14th of July, 1789, it was taken by the people, after a tremendous conflict, which would have done credit to a better cause. This strong fortress was taken by an armed rabble in a few hours, whilst the great Condé vainly besieged it for twenty-three days.

The Bastille consisted of eight strong towers. It was surrounded by a fosse one hundred and twenty feet wide, and on the summit of the towers there was a platform connected by terraces, wherein prisoners were sometimes permitted to walk, attended by a guard. Thirteen pieces of cannon mounted on this platform were fired on days of public rejoicing. The dungeons under these towers exhaled noxious vapours of a sickening character, and were infested by rats, lizards, toads, and other loathsome reptiles. In the angle of each dungeon was a camp bedstead of planks resting on bars of iron fixed in the wall. These cells were dark and hideous, without windows or apertures to admit either light or air. They were secured by double doors three inches thick, the interior covered with iron plates, and fastened by strong bolts and heavy locks. The most horrible receptacles were the dungeons wherein the iron cages were fixed. These cages were eight feet high by six feet wide, formed of strong beams, strengthened further by iron plates.

The crowd who forced their way into this prison were horrified to find instruments of torture such as their imagination had never pictured. An iron cage about twelve tons in weight was found, with a skeleton of a man in it, who had probably lingered out a great part of his days in that horrid situation.

The Bastille now in possession of the populace, a search was quickly made for the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls ; they were sixteen in number, and were found in the dungeons beneath the prison. The most remarkable amongst them was the Comte de Jorge, who was brought to Madame Tussaud, that she might take a cast from his face. He had been thirty years in the Bastille, and when liberated from it, and having lost all interest in worldly matters, relatives and friends all gone, and having neither affection nor regard for anything in this life, he begged to be taken back to his prison, in which, although made more comfortable for him, he died a few weeks after his emancipation. Another individual found within the Bastille was an Irish gentleman named Clotworthy Skeffington, Lord Masareen. He was not confined within the cells, but had an apartment on the first floor, and was merely imprisoned for his debts, which were immense. He had passed half his life in confinement, having been for a considerable time in the Conciergerie prior to his being removed to the Bastille. All the prisoners were released ; some were grateful, others were stupefied, but all were puzzled and amazed.

It is needless to say that a prison in the hands of the populace, a prison which revealed such

horrible secrets, created an immense sensation in Paris. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and amongst others who were induced to visit those melancholy mementoes of despotism and tyranny, Madame Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends for that purpose ; and whilst descending the narrow stairs, her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling, when she was saved by Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand, and just prevented her from coming to the ground. In his own peculiarly complimentary style, he said, "It would indeed have been a great pity if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place." How little did Madame Tussaud then think that she would in a few years have his severed head in her lap, in order to take a cast from it after his execution ! He was accompanied by Collot d'Herbois and Dupont, who had all come on the same errand, to see for themselves, and describe to the people, the horrors of such an institution.

After recognizing M. Curtius, and exchanging a few words with him, Robespierre harangued the people, as nearly as Madame Tussaud can remember, to this effect : "Alas! *mes enfants*, how severe a lesson do we now receive from these gloomy dungeons by which we are surrounded, and in

which so many of our fellow-creatures have been immured ! That monarchical dominion needs for its support the misery and persecution of such individuals, whose virtuous minds have dared to resist the current of oppression, has been from time immemorial but too evidently manifest. We are now treading that ground on which for centuries have perished the victims of despotism ; then may these mansions of misery, these monuments of tyranny and injustice, act as incentives of every patriot to hurl down the banners of arbitrary power, whilst every man shall lend a hand in raising the standard of liberty and independence, and boldly assert his natural rights ! ”

After visiting many cells, they arrived at that where the Comte de Jorge had been confined, when Robespierre again burst forth into an energetic declamation against kings, exclaiming, “ Let us for awhile reflect on the wretched sufferer who has just been delivered from a living entombment, a miserable victim to the caprice of royalty ; and can we calmly behold such scenes, and are we so pusillanimous as to suffer their repetition, without exerting all our physical and moral strength for their repression ? No, Frenchmen ! the torch is kindled which shall light the minions of aristocracy to their earthly tomb, and the heart of every lover of his country is inspired with an ardent zeal to

maintain the cause of freedom, or to perish in the contest. For what is the value of our lives if they can only be sustained by the sacrifice of our liberties?" The orator was followed by Collot d'Herbois and Dupont, who also displayed their eloquence to the same effect, and were highly applauded by their auditors.

The fury of the mob against the governor of the Bastille was so great that they would have massacred a beautiful little girl, whom they supposed to be his daughter, who came forward trembling with agitation ; but she was first defended by some French guards, and ultimately saved by the humanity of a Seine boatman, who preserved her life at the risk of his own. It was found that she was the daughter of the deputy-governor. The minds of the masses were somewhat appeased, however, when the king appeared before the National Assembly, and in conciliatory language promised reforms, which elicited the most enthusiastic applause. Madame Tussaud tells us that at that time a man named Bailly had been elected mayor of Paris, and he used all his efforts to pacify the people. She knew him well ; he was a very amiable man, and possessed of much talent. His appearance was not prepossessing, his face being formed like that of a horse. He was a frequent guest of her uncle's, and all admitted him to be a

man of unblemished character. Amongst other celebrities who frequently dined with M. Curtius was Necker, who was generally accompanied by Madame de Staél ; the latter lady was at that period, although very young, inclined to *cmbon-point*, but she was animated and clever, and her conversation was most entertaining and agreeable. Necker was a countryman of M. Curtius, and thoroughly Swiss in appearance ; he was a tall stout man, of rather an ordinary mien, with a very grave and abstracted countenance, but when he entered into conversation he became animated and agreeable. M. Foulon was a neighbour of M. Curtius ; he had been in the ministry a short time after the dismissal of Necker, and Foulon having once said that if he had his will he would make the people of Paris eat hay, he became aware that this had been repeated to the mob ; therefore, fearing the consequences, he retired from Paris and reported himself dead. This manœuvre did not succeed ; the people sought him in the country, and found him, and brought him to Paris, with a collar of nettles around his neck, a bunch of thistles in his hand, and a truss of hay tied at his back ; he was dragged to the Hôtel de Ville. At the same instant his son-in-law, M. Berthier de Sauvigny, was seized at Compiègne and brought to Paris at the very moment the rabble were persecuting

Foulon. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Bailly and La Fayette to save the unfortunate old man from the fury of the mob, Foulon was hanged, and his head being cut off, was exhibited to Berthier, who made desperate efforts to disengage himself from the crowd. Once he succeeded, and snatching a weapon, defended himself with much courage, but was at length subdued and shared the fate of his father-in law. La Fayette, in very disgust of so barbarous an act, resigned the command of the National Guard, but was afterwards induced to resume it for what he considered was the good of his country.

Scarcely were the murders of MM. Foulon and Berthier perpetrated before another cause of apprehension was declared ; all the horrors of famine threatened to overwhelm the population and to produce another cause of excitement to exasperate the heated state of the public mind. A scarcity of bread was at length announced, which alone was sufficient to produce consternation in France, for at that period bread constituted nine-tenths of the sustenance of the people. Rice was distributed as a substitute, but this did not calm the murmurs of the people. Ladies offered their jewels to the National Assembly for the wants of the State, the king sent his plate to the mint for the same purpose, and patriotic gifts multiplied upon Necker's

alarming accounts of the state of finance ; but no sacrifices could appease the people, distracted as they were for want of bread, and the women crowded in multitudes to the Hôtel de Ville, seizing the arms, driving along the cannon, and forcing with them all they met, without any positive purpose. A man named Maillard, putting himself at their head with some adroitness, prevented them from committing any violence, under the pretence of leading them to Versailles, and found at last that he could not deter them from going there, and ultimately twelve women were admitted to the royal presence. The king received them so graciously, and so feelingly deplored their distress, that they were much affected, and one of them—young, handsome, and interesting—was so deeply moved that she could not utter the word *bread*. The king with great emotion embraced her, and the women quitted the palace, considerably softened by their monarch's sympathy.

Although some pretend that M. Maillard's motive was good in leading the women to Versailles, yet the consequences were most important, and led to much bloodshed. When the twelve females delegated by the whole body returned to report the result of their mission, they could not obtain belief as to their representations, and would have been torn to pieces, had not the Comte de Guiche with

the life-guards hastened to their relief. Some firing took place ; two of the guards fell, whilst some of the women were wounded and others forced their way to the iron gate of the palace ; shots were exchanged, whilst the majority knew not the meaning of the tumult. Ultimately the mob made their way to the palace, and had it not been for the activity and precautions of La Fayette, the king and queen might have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the mob. All the posts entrusted to the charge of that vigilant commander maintained their position, keeping in check the immense masses of the infuriated people. But, says Madame Tussaud, because he took half an hour's rest after twenty-four hours of incessant exertions and fatigue, his enemies have made it the subject of calumny, condemning him for what transpired during his interval of repose, although when he at last restored tranquillity at the hazard of his life, Madame Adelaide, the king's aunt, ran up to La Fayette, and clasping him in her arms, said, "General, you have saved us."

A few months of comparative tranquillity followed, during which the only incident of a tragical character was the execution of the Marquis de Fabvras, who was convicted of intriguing measures for the departure of the king from the capital. A general federation was

appointed in the Champ de Mars on the 14th of July, 1790, this being the first anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Twelve thousand workmen were at first employed in the requisite preparations, but soon these were not found sufficient, and the Parisians voluntarily lent their aid, the spectacle becoming one of the most interesting and extraordinary character ; ecclesiastics, the military, and persons of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, wielded the spade and the pick-axe, whilst even elegant females lent their aid, and, consistent with the feeling of the period, Madame Tussaud assisted, and trundled a barrow in the Champ de Mars, and at last every section of the city sent forth its contingent, with colours and banners, proceeding to the sound of drums to the grand national work ; and when arrived, they all united their labours, cheering each other throughout their toil ; and perhaps never before or since was seen such a gay and animated assemblage of labourers. Foreigners from all parts flocked to see so extraordinary a spectacle, which was as cheering to the spectators as to those employed ; for what could be more delightful after a season of danger than to see a whole multitude happily and busily engaged in exerting themselves for what they considered their own and their country's welfare ?

At sunset the signal of departure was given,

and the Parisians, forming themselves into different companies, according to the sections to which they belonged, returned to their respective homes, each imagining that he had that day been performing the part of a patriot, and that he had been discharging a duty that was incumbent upon him.

But if the preparatory operations presented a gay and animated scene, what words can describe the wonderful and beautiful spectacle which the day itself displayed ? Madame Tussaud observes that it is impossible for the imagination to form any adequate idea of the enthusiastic development of joy which seemed to pervade all Paris. Amongst interesting objects in the immense procession were three triumphal cars, the first containing the goddess of Liberty, personated by a lady of respectability, one whose figure was commanding, and who possessed a fine countenance and dignified appearance : the car was ornamented with symbolic devices. The next which followed contained the effigy of Voltaire, and afterwards that of Rousseau, the federate authorities of the provinces, with those of the army, each ranged under their respective chiefs and banners. The representatives of the different sections started from the site of the Bastille and proceeded to the Tuileries ; innumerable bands of music resounded from all directions ; a grand

display of troops kept constantly marching towards the spot where the ceremony of federation was to be performed ; whichever way the eye turned one animated display of effervescent joy was presented. A column of boys armed in military array preceded the assembly of the municipality of the federalists in general ; a battalion of old men followed in imitation of an ancient Spartan custom. The concourse of people was incalculable, the windows were thronged with spectators, and ladies were saluting the procession as it passed with waving handkerchiefs ; every heart appeared light, every eye beamed with pleasure ; hundreds of females walked in the procession dressed in white with tricolour sashes, the men wearing scarfs of the same, whilst hymns were sung in honour of the constitution. A magnificent pavilion, arranged at the furthest extremity, was constructed for the national authorities ; the king and the president sat together on seats sprinkled with *fleur de lis* of gold. Behind them was an elevated balcony for the queen and Court. At some distance from the king were stationed the ministers, with the deputies ranged on either side. It was computed that the number of the spectators amounted to four hundred thousand, whilst sixty thousand National Guards performed different evolutions ; around the altar were three hundred

priests in white surplices and tricoloured scarfs ready to officiate in the Mass.

The day was not auspicious as regards weather, for the rain poured in torrents, but this did not stop the enthusiasm of the people. As the ceremony of the federation commenced, however, the heavens cleared and the sun threw his bright rays upon the altar of Liberty. Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun, commenced the Mass ; the voices of the choristers were added to those of the prelates, whilst the rolling peals of cannon contributed their solemn force to the choral band. As soon as divine service had ceased, La Fayette dismounted from his horse, and ascending the stage received his majesty's commands and the form of the oath, which La Fayette bore to the altar, whilst every banner was waved, and every weapon was upraised and glittered in the air. The king, standing, stretched forth his hands to the altar, saying, "I, King of the French, swear to employ the power delegated to me by the constitutional act of the State in maintaining the constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by me ;" whilst the general, the president, and deputies all cried, "I swear !" and the queen, partaking of the general emotion, clasped her child to her arms, and holding him forward from the balcony implied, "This is the heir to the

throne, to whom the people must look for the maintenance of their laws, their liberties, and their rights."

The effect produced by such an appeal to the multitude exceeded all powers of description ; one enthusiastic burst of joy, gratitude, attachment, and admiration was addressed to the mother, and every heart beat for her and her child, while the most deafening clamours of "Vive la Reine!" rent the air.

At night Paris was splendidly illuminated, and displayed one general scene of fête and rejoicing ; dancing was kept up in divers quarters, and Madame Tussaud tells us that, participating in the general gaiety on the site of the Bastille, she danced with Baron Trenck, whom she describes as a tall, soldierlike-looking man of agreeable manners and very white hair.



CHAPTER VI.

Emperor of Germany, Emperor of Russia, King of Poland, King of Sweden, Prince Henry of Prussia, and other Potentates—Funeral of Mirabeau—Flight of the Royal Family—Their Arrest and the Fugitives' Return.

PARIS now being tranquil, sovereigns and royal princes from all parts of the world visited the fashionable city, and M. Curtius's establishment was a great centre of attraction. Although, as a rule, neither M. Curtius nor his niece was usually present at their exhibition, yet when any crowned head or other celebrated character came to view it, M. Curtius made it a point to appear and attend them ; accordingly, he accompanied Joseph the Second, then Emperor of Germany, through his museum, explaining every interesting circumstance connected with the different figures. The Emperor appeared to be delighted with all he saw, and, expressing a wish to see the studio, his majesty was conducted down-stairs, where his olfactory nerves were greeted with a perfume delicious to a German, and he lifted up his hands and threw back his head, exclaiming,

with an expression of extreme pleasure, "Oh, mein Gott, there is sour-kraut!" and as it was requisite in order to proceed to the studio to pass through the *salle-à-manger*, no sooner was the door opened, discovering the family of M. Curtius at dinner over the tempting sour-kraut, than the Emperor exclaimed, "Oh, do let me partake!" when instanter a napkin, plate, &c., was procured, and his imperial majesty seated himself at the table, not suffering an individual to rise from it, but joining the group *en famille*, and ate, drank, talked, laughed, and joked with all possible affability and familiarity, making himself as much at home as if he had been in his palace of Schönbrunn, and consumed a large dish of sour-kraut, remarking afterwards, "Now I have dined."

Madame Tussaud describes him as a tall, fine-looking man, with rather a fair complexion and light hair, powdered, a well-formed aquiline nose, the under lip rather prominent. He was as plainly dressed as possible, having merely a cocked hat and a grey greatcoat, but wore a very long tail which reached all down his back. He was a brother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and many are of opinion that he came to an untimely end, and think that he was poisoned through the instigation of the monks, whom he deprived of a considerable portion of their wealth.

Paul Petrovitz, emperor of Russia, also came with his empress to see the productions of M. Curtius and his niece, but formed a complete contrast to Joseph II., being a very ugly little man, rough and abrupt in his manners, and by no means agreeable in his address and general demeanour. He was afflicted with king's-evil, and wore a very high cravat to conceal the effects of the malady. His exterior was as disagreeable as his character, and Madame Tussaud says the only apology that could be given for him was that he was mad.

Stanislaus Tyzinski, king of Poland, was amongst the royal visitors to M. Curtius's exhibition. He had his likeness taken, which he surveyed with much attention, but that he might judge of the resemblance through the medium of another, he went out on the boulevards and addressed himself to the first person he met, who happened to be a Garde Française, whom he requested to enter the studio. The moment the soldier did so he was wonderfully struck with the resemblance to the king, but unaware that he was addressing a monarch, until he saw that his person was covered with orders and stars; he then fancied he had taken a liberty, and apologized in such a confused, stammering manner that it afforded much amusement to the merry king.

Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, was a great admirer of the works of M. Curtius. He sat for his own likeness, which certainly made a most extraordinary portrait, his countenance being of a description rarely met with ; it somewhat resembled a hare, and one side of his face was considerably smaller than the other. His person was far more remarkable than dignified or majestic.

Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to Frederic the Great, and the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Charles the Fourth of Spain, also visited M. Curtius's exhibition at this period, and Madame Tussaud says that a Prince Radzevill, who had been excluded from Russia, was one of the most remarkable characters who visited the museum. He caused much amusement in Paris, as well as elsewhere, on account of his always carrying with him on his travels the figures of the twelve apostles as large as life, and of massive gold. In consequence of their immense weight he was obliged to have many vehicles in his train for their conveyance ; but, probably through want of money, the Prince had one melted and converted into cash. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking man, but his features were completely of the Calmuck cast. His wife was with him, who was also very tall. She did not undertake so *heavy* a charge as the twelve apostles, but contented herself with carrying a monkey as

large as a baby in her arms wherever she appeared, and Madame Tussaud declares it was one of the ugliest creatures of the kind she ever beheld. The lady, although rather a fine-looking person, had much of the Tartar countenance.

Mirabeau died April 2, 1791, and Madame Tussaud says the cortége at the funeral exceeded anything of the kind she ever witnessed. The procession left his residence at four in the afternoon, and all had not arrived at the Pantheon, where he was buried, until ten—so immense was the concourse of people who followed the last remains of this celebrated man. As lighted flambeaus were carried when night approached, it had a very solemn effect, whilst a constant hollow sound filled the air from the muffled drums which were continually beaten as the melancholy cavalcade slowly moved along.

The Parisian people were day by day getting more tired of monarchy, and Louis XVI. was suspected of having a secret desire to quit France, which the populace, although not wanting him as a king, were unwilling to allow. On the 21st June, 1791, however, in different disguises, the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel, governess of the royal children, and accompanied by her pupils, successively left the palace, agreeing that they were all to unite at the Petit

Carrousel. The queen and her guide, a life-guardsman, being neither of them familiar with the streets of Paris, missed their way, and were long before they joined the rest of the party, to whom they occasioned the utmost uneasiness. At length all were assembled, and entered the vehicle which had been provided for them. A gentleman of the name of De Fersin, a young foreigner disguised as a coachman, undertook to drive them to the barrier. The queen, on her way to the Petit Carrousel, met the carriage of M. de la Fayette, attended by persons who walked beside it with torches, but she escaped observation by hiding herself under the gates of the Louvre. Madame de Tourzel assumed the name of Madame de Korf, passing as a mother, who, with her children, were travelling ; the king assuming to be her *valet de chambre*, and the queen as the governess to the children. Three life-guards, also disguised, were, by turns, either to precede the carriage as couriers, or to ride beside it as servants. They reached the Porte St. Martin in safety, where a berline drawn by six horses awaited them, which they entered, and at length started, M. de Fersin wishing them adieu, and success in their enterprise. He returned to Paris, and found that nothing was known of their escape at the municipality at eight o'clock the next morning.

La Fayette was one of the first who heard of the king's departure, and ordered his aide-de-camp to start immediately in pursuit of the fugitives, and to stop them wherever they might be found ; but he feared, as they had gained a whole night upon those who were sent in pursuit of them, that the case was hopeless. The sensation throughout Paris, Madame Tussaud says, was indescribable ; all the shops were shut, the tocsin was sounded, and the drums beat to arms ; a general apprehension seemed to pervade the populace that Louis would soon return with an army composed of emigrants and foreigners, and wreak a dreadful vengeance on the people of Paris for all the indignities with which they had overwhelmed the unfortunate monarch ; and an expression of dismay appeared to cloud the countenances of all except the aristocrats, who had but one wish, and that was, that the royal family might get clear out of the kingdom, anticipating the most fatal results if they should be overtaken and brought back to Paris.

Meantime the royal fugitives advanced, but not with that caution that was requisite for such an enterprise, as the king kept putting his head out of the carriage window and was recognized at Chalons ; but the mayor of that town, being a royalist, prevented any measures being taken, in consequence of the discovery, that might arrest the

king's progress. He was not, however, so fortunate in St. Menehould, where Drouet, the son of the postmaster and a furious revolutionist, recognized the unfortunate monarch, galloped off to Varennes with the news, giving time to the municipality to make the requisite preparations for stopping the royal equipage, which was effected by young Drouet himself, who arrested the carriage at the entrance of the town, demanding their passports, threatening the party by presenting a musket at the same time, to prevent their proceeding. They complied with his demand as to passports ; but Drouet, who was certain that he recognized the king, in order to gain time said their papers must be inspected by the regular authorities. Accordingly the royal family were conducted to the house of a Monsieur Sausse, who also manœuvred to delay the fugitives, and when he found there was sufficient strength at hand, consisting of National Guards, he informed the king he was discovered and apprehended. For some time Louis denied his identity, when high words arising, the queen, much irritated, said in an angry tone : "Then if you acknowledge him to be the king, why do you not speak to him with the respect which is his due ?"

The king finding further deception useless, declared his good intentions towards his country,

merely wishing to be where he could convince the world that he acted from his own free will, which was not supposed to be the case whilst he resided in Paris. His majesty had then recourse to entreaty, embracing Sausse, and conjuring him to save the queen and the children, whilst she joined in the same prayer; but all was in vain. Sausse was deeply affected, but retained his firmness. Some officers of hussars came in and would have saved the royal family, but they could not depend upon their men, who declared that they would serve the nation; and young Romeuf coming in, whom La Fayette had despatched with the decree of the National Assembly, further remonstrance was useless. The queen burst into a paroxysm of rage, and gave way to the severest invectives against La Fayette, even declaring her surprise that the people in Paris had not put him to death. Romeuf tried soothing words, and prevailed upon her to be more calm. The departure homewards of the royal family was hastened by the news that troops which had been despatched by Bouillé to protect the fugitives were arriving. But they were too late. The ill-fated monarch and his children were hurried forward on their road to Paris.

When once beyond the reach of being saved by any royalist troops, the progress of the unfortunate fugitives was very slow, being confined to the pace

of the National Guards who escorted them all the way ; consequently it took eight days to travel from Varennes to Paris, a distance of about seventy leagues. It has generally been stated that a mournful silence reigned as they passed through the country, but Madame Tussaud declares that the royal family were hissed in several of the towns which came in the line of their journey ; and when they arrived in Paris many and loud sounds of disapprobation resounded from the populace, notwithstanding this short but pithy notice which had been posted and distributed everywhere : “ Whoever applauds the king shall be flogged ; whoever insults him shall be hanged.”

When the carriage with the royal family stopped at the Tuilleries the fugitives alighted as speedily as possible. A strong force of National Guards had been provided to protect them from the outrages of the people. The queen alighted last, and was supported by Messieurs De Nouailles and D’Aiguillon as she moved along scarcely able to sustain herself under the violence of conflicting emotions.

Such was the terrible termination of that disastrous journey, ill-advised in the first instance, and worse managed in the second ; in fact, Madame Tussaud states, that it was generally supposed that had not the king insisted upon stopping to dine

he would not have been recognized, and must certainly have escaped ; the queen and the rest of the party wanted to proceed without delay, but the Bourbons ever had good appetites, and were generally disposed to indulge them.

Meantime, Monsieur Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., was more fortunate than his brother, and arrived safely with his wife at Brussels. Although possessing a still higher reputation than any of his family for his gastronomic powers, yet it appears that *he* did not retard his journey by stopping to display his prowess ; but Madame Tussaud states, that so ardently did he patronize the larder and pantry, that he used frequently to pay private and special visits to these places and stuff various eatables into his pocket to consume when riding, or out of the reach of substantial food ; and she remembers to have seen the gravy dripping from his coat skirts as most vexatiously it oozed through his pockets for want of a strong wrapper. Even Madame Elizabeth was by no means a sufferer from delicate appetite, but, on the contrary, was rather Bourbon in that respect, as on the days of the *grand couvert* the princess would always take a good meal before she sat down to the banquet.

One of the first measures after the king's return to Paris was for the National Assembly to request

from him and the queen their motives for departure. Louis replied that he was only influenced by a proper feeling and love for his country, and it was never his intention to have proceeded farther than Montmedy. The very fact that he had only three thousand louis in his possession proved that he had no intention to leave the country ; but he wished to show all Europe that what he had done for promoting liberty in France emanated from his free will, which would not be believed while he remained in Paris. This declaration was received by the Assembly with calmness ; a few gave him credit for sincerity, but all confidence appeared to be destroyed, and a strong guard was placed over the king, queen, and the dauphin, who were responsible for their safe custody. The royal family were restricted to walking in the Tuileries Gardens, and then only when they were not open to the general public, which was early in the morning. The king, wishing to ascertain to what extent he was a prisoner, proceeded to a door, when the sentinel opposed his passing. "Do you know me?" said Louis. "Yes, sire," answered the sentinel. The unfortunate monarch then knew that he was indeed deprived of even the semblance of liberty.



CHAPTER VII.

Republicanism in the Ascendant—M. Curtius a Jacobin—Down with Monarchy—The Attorney-General of the Lamp-post—The King Humiliated—Thomas Paine—Paul Jones—General Dumourier—Marat—Charlotte Corday—Madame Roland.

VERY soon after the return of the king a republican spirit began to manifest itself, and it was plainly seen that the monarchical party was fast dwindling away. Clubs of all sorts and descriptions were formed in various parts of Paris, and many peaceable citizens entered them without any wish to become violent political partisans, but they considered that it offered some degree of security and protection from suspicion of belonging to the Court, then the obnoxious party ; amongst others M. Curtius became a member of the Jacobin club, at a time when it had not displayed any of those terrible features for which it was afterwards so justly consigned to everlasting infamy.

The situation of France was every day becoming more critical ; a declaration of the desertion of

nineteen hundred officers was made by the Minister of War. The army was in a disorganized state, and the newspapers began to throw off all show of respect towards the person of the king. The clubs followed the same course, and from the lips of members of the Jacobins who visited her uncle's house, Madame Tussaud would often hear, with regret, the most treasonable language, and the desire to form a new constitution.

Soon the cry was heard through the streets, "No king!" and was even disseminated through the medium of the public papers, whilst the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, ever the most furious and daring, echoed the shout of "Down with the monarchy!" at all their meetings.

It was evident to all that an important crisis was coming on in Paris, and Madame Tussaud became greatly alarmed, for, independently of her attachment to the royal family, she had other reasons for dreading a conflict between the throne and the people ; she had three brothers and two uncles in the *Cent Suisses*, which regiment was constantly about the person of the king, and responsible for his safety. The whole regiment was composed of gentlemen who had to prove their rank for a certain number of generations before they could be accepted ; many of them were noble fellows, and all were six feet high, and their devotion to the royal

cause was such, that all who knew the temper of the corps felt certain that they would sacrifice themselves to a man, rather than any personal outrage should be inflicted upon their monarch or his relations.

M. Curtius was a man of acute penetration, and knowing exactly the position of affairs, he was enabled to calculate what must be the inevitable issue whenever the trial of strength should be brought to the dreaded ordeal which he foresaw was rapidly approaching. Therefore, for his own preservation and that of his family and property, he adhered in appearance to that party whom he knew must prevail ; although he always declared to Madame Tussaud and her mother, that he was at heart a royalist, but he observed, if he proclaimed himself such, it would not serve the king an iota nor retard for an instant the thunderbolt which threatened all the royal family with annihilation ; even if he remained neutral, M. Curtius assured his family, he should only ensure their destruction whenever the republican party obtained the ascendancy.

This was the explanation Madame Tussaud received from her uncle when accounting for the number of visitors who frequented his house whose politics were of the most fanatical description, and whose theories concerning the different forms of

government all tended to the subversion of monarchy. Amongst the rest, the Duke of Orleans was a most frequent visitor, and was regarded by Madame Tussaud almost with detestation, as were many of his satellites, by whom he was constantly surrounded ; and although these revolutionary enthusiasts seldom entered to any great extent on political subjects during dinner, and the ladies retired immediately after, yet enough was heard to convince Madame Tussaud that a terrific storm was gathering, and to cause her to tremble for its consequences.

Though the commissioners delegated to inquire into the affair of the king's departure acquitted him of any evil intentions towards his country, the mob without, and the Jacobin club, were determined to denounce him, and this led to repeated disturbances in the streets of Paris, which often terminated in bloodshed. Robespierre now made his appearance on the stage in support of republicanism ; but Danton and Camille Desmoulins were the most daring orators of the mob. Madame Tussaud remembered the latter, quite at the commencement of the Revolution in 1789, haranguing the people in the Palais Royal mounted upon a table with a brace of pistols in his hand, shouting, "To arms !" He now plucked a leaf from a tree, with which he formed a cockade, and exhorted the people to

follow his example, that it might form a bond of union in the sacred cause of contending for their liberties. The trees were soon stripped of their leaves ; and as Camille Desmoulins remained the mouthpiece of the mob, and was by profession a lawyer, he was called the “ Attorney-General of the Lamp-post,” having caused and presided over several of these summary executions by the mob. He was born at Guise in Picardy, and was the son of a lieutenant-general. He first appeared before the public at the bar pleading against his father, whom he wished to compel to give an increase of allowance to his unnatural son, though he was aware that his parent’s circumstances were too limited to render such an increase possible. He subsequently became secretary to Danton, and was a most active agent in promoting every bad purpose suggested by his employer.

At length the National Assembly arrived at the termination of its sittings. The constitution was completed and presented by sixty members to the king, by whom it was accepted, and immediately he was restored to an appearance of freedom ; that is to say, the guard under which Louis had been kept in a state of surveillance, was removed, and on his declaration of his acceptance of the constitution, there was a feeling of satisfaction in Paris, whilst La Fayette, taking advan-

tage of so auspicious a moment, proposed a general amnesty, which should cast, as it were, a veil of oblivion upon all acts associated with the revolution. This proposition was carried and proclaimed amid shouts of applause, which was followed by throwing open all the prisons, and this was hailed by shouts of approbation from all quarters of the capital, and echoed from the remotest provinces of France.

But Louis scarcely understood the new constitution or the powers it gave to the Legislative Assembly. He had to suffer severe humiliations ; first, the terms “majesty” and “sire” were to be omitted ; secondly, when the king entered the Assembly the members remained sitting, and one republican, more bold than the rest, ventured to come into his presence without taking off his hat. All this was gall and wormwood to Louis, who sobbingly told the queen the insults to which he had been subject at the first meeting of the Assembly. She endeavoured to console him, but the wound was not to be healed.

The king endeavoured to keep up as much dignity as possible, and the subject which gave most umbrage to the people was that Louis would not give up his veto ; which meant, of course, that he should have the privilege of annulling any decree of the Legislative Assembly if he should

think it wise to do so. But the enemies of the king represented the veto in so obnoxious a light, that many absolutely thought that within it centred all their grievances, and, as a term of reprobation, the mob called his Majesty "Monsieur Veto." So general was this designation, that many thought it was his real name. Madame Tussaud remembers a person asking her uncle the question, who expressed the deepest astonishment when told that the king's name was Capet.

At the commencement of the year 1792 everything was fast tending to republicanism. The masses wore the *bonnet rouge* as the symbol of liberty. The dress of the *sansculottes* was also very general. Madame Tussaud remembers once to have seen the Duke of Orleans clad in that singular costume. It consisted of a short jacket, pantaloons, and a round hat, with a handkerchief worn sailor fashion loose round the neck, with the ends long and hanging down, the shirt-collar seen above, the hair cut short, without powder, *à la Titus*, and shoes tied with strings. This dress at that period was in every respect remarkable, for it consisted of the very reverse of the prevailing fashion.

Amongst the characters who figured about this period, and who assisted in declamations in favour of republicanism, both verbally and by his writings,

was Thomas Paine. Madame Tussaud well remembered him, and says that his physiognomy somewhat reminded her of Voltaire. His works were read with much avidity and greatly admired, according as they did with the temper of the times, although his principles were not violent enough to suit the terrorists. Paul Jones was also a frequent visitor at the house of M. Curtius. General Dumourier was on intimate terms with her uncle, and many years afterwards she met the general at Edinburgh ; he recognized her and said, "You are the daughter of Curtius." "No," she replied, "I am his niece." "Then," he said, "you are a republican." "I am not," she answered, emphatically ; "but whatever I may be, I have not the crimes on my head which you have on yours of drowning people in Holland and other like horrors."

It may be remembered that this Dumourier figured largely in the revolution, and, though a republican, took office under the king and attached himself to the royal family, having really a personal regard for them. In his Memoirs he says, "I often found the king very sad, and on one occasion, when he appeared even more so than usual, he said, 'I dare not approach the window which looks into the garden. Yesterday evening I went to that window looking into the court, just to take in a little fresh air, when a gunner of the

guards addressed me in vulgar abuse, adding, "How I should like to see your head stuck on the point of my bayonet." In that narrow garden you see on one side a man mounted on a chair, reading aloud the most infamous calumnies against us ; on the other an abbé or a military man dragged through one of the basins, overwhelmed with abuse and beaten, whilst others are quietly playing at ball or walking to and fro. What an abode ! what a people !'"

Marat at this time published a paper of a most malicious character, and a decree had been issued against him for having recommended murder. "The outrageous conduct of this demon," says Madame Tussaud, "had more than once obliged him to remain in concealment, and having been a visitor of my uncle's, he came one Saturday night and requested an asylum, having in his hand a carpet-bag containing what few clothes and linen he required, and he remained with us until the following Saturday. Thus was I in the same house with Marat a whole week, the most ferocious monster that the revolution produced. He was very short, of middle height, with very small arms, one of which was feeble from natural defect, and he appeared lame. His complexion was sallow, of a greenish hue, his eyes dark and piercing, his hair wild and raven black, his countenance had a fierce

aspect, he was slovenly in his dress, and even dirty in his person, his manner was abrupt, coarse, and rude. He used to write almost the whole day in a corner by the aid of a little lamp, and on one occasion he came to me, gave me a tap upon the shoulder with such roughness as caused me to shudder, saying, 'There, mademoiselle, it is not for ourselves that I and my fellow-labourers are working, but it is for you, and your children, and your children's children. As to ourselves, perhaps we shall not live to enjoy the fruits of our exertions,' adding that 'all the aristocrats must be killed.' He made a calculation how many persons could be destroyed in one day, and decided that the number might amount to 260,000. The next Saturday, about dusk, he took his leave of us, telling me that I was a very good child, and thanking us for the asylum we had afforded him. I never saw him again until one day two *gens d'armes* came for me to go to the house of Marat, just after he had been killed by Charlotte Corday, for the purpose of taking a cast of his face. He was still warm, and his bleeding body and the cadaverous aspect of his almost diabolical features presented a picture replete with horror, and I performed my task under the most painful sensations."

Charlotte Corday, Madame Tussaud tells us, was an heroic girl. She travelled alone from Nor-

mandy to Paris, determined to rid the country of a monster. When she arrived in the capital she was not quite resolved which should be her victim ; Robespierre and Danton were nearly as odious to her mind as Marat, but the latter and his atrocities were more known in the provinces, particularly in the struggle which had taken place in the suppression of the insurrection in Calvados, where the cruel effects of his suggestions had been most severely felt. Her first attempt to see Marat proved unsuccessful ; but on the second, though his housekeeper, a young woman, refused to admit her, yet Marat, who was in his bath, hearing the voice of Charlotte Corday, and having had a letter from her stating that she had intelligence of importance to communicate, ordered that she should be admitted. She first amused him with the account of the deputies at Caen, when Marat said, "They shall all go to the guillotine." "To the guillotine ?" she exclaimed ; and as he caught up a pencil to write the names of the offenders, Charlotte Corday plunged a knife into his heart. "Help, my dear !" he cried, and his housekeeper obeyed the call, and a man who was near rushed in and knocked down the avenger of her country with a chair, whilst the woman attendant trampled upon her. A crowd was instantly attracted to the spot by the uproar, when Charlotte Corday rose

and looked around her in a composed and dignified manner. Her beauty, her courage, and her calm demeanour interested the authorities, and they conducted her to prison, protecting her from insult. After taking the cast of the murdered man's features, Madame Tussaud visited Charlotte Corday in the Conciergerie Prison, and found her a most interesting personage. She was tall and well proportioned ; her countenance had something noble in it ; her complexion was remarkably clear, and her manners extremely pleasing ; her mind was perhaps rather of a masculine character ; fond of history, she had made it her study, and naturally became deeply interested in the politics of her country. She was a great admirer of pure republican principles, and thought that the Girondins adopted her views. To this party she became enthusiastically attached, and imbibed a proportionate detestation of the Mountain party ; hence the success of that resolution which brought her to the scaffold. She had been affianced to Major Belsance, a very handsome young man, who was in the royal guards, and assassinated in one of the popular commotions in 1789. She wrote a letter to her father, begging pardon for what she had done, and stating that she believed it to be her duty, bidding him remember that Corneille had said that "the crime, not the scaffold, constitutes

the shame." She conversed freely and even cheerfully with Madame Tussaud. During her trial she observed the same self-possession, and avowed everything without reserve. When conveyed to the scaffold some few of the rabble abused her, but far more pitied and admired her, and many women shed tears as she passed. A smile of happiness played upon her features on her way to execution, and when the last preparations were being performed, as the handkerchief was withdrawn, and discovered her bosom, the blush of modesty suffused her cheek, but she never once displayed the slightest emotion of fear. As soon as her head was severed the cowardly executioner held it up and buffeted it, an action which was witnessed by the people with shuddering. The mutilated head was conveyed to the Madeleine and a cast of it was taken by Madame Tussaud.

Roland and Claviere were appointed ministers in 1792 in the places of Delessart and Bertrand de Molleville. Roland was very intimate with M. Curtius, therefore Madame Tussaud knew him well, and she describes him as a rather tall thin man, pleasing in his manners, but disposed to be serious. He was an intellectual man, wrote several works, principally upon manufactures, travels, &c. He had travelled over the greater portion of Europe on foot. At Lyons, previous to becoming

a minister, he had founded a club in correspondence with the Jacobins in Paris. Madame Roland, his wife, was a fine tall woman, not altogether beautiful, but the expression of her countenance was particularly pleasing. It has been remarked that she possessed the heart of a Roman matron with the graces of a Frenchwoman. She was a pure republican, and passionately devoted to its cause, but deeply lamenting the sacrifice of human blood which had been wantonly shed for its promotion, declared that the name of liberty had been degraded by being associated with that carnage, and she wrote many letters upon this subject, upon which she was indicted as a traitor and condemned to death. When conducted to the place of execution, the heroism of her character never forsook her; a smile of disdain expressed her contempt for her persecutors, and when she arrived at the Place Louis Quinze, she bowed to the statue of Liberty, saying, "Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" M. Roland, who was devotedly attached to his wife, stabbed himself when he heard of her execution. He was found dead against a tree as if asleep, having left a written paper stating that indignation and not fear had caused him to commit suicide. He wished no longer to remain in a world stained with such crimes as were daily committed.

One trait of Madame Roland, however, merits record, portraying as it does the generosity of her heart, even in her last moments. In the cart which conveyed her to the scaffold was another victim, a stranger to her, but who excited her sympathy from the air of deep despondency and fear by which he appeared to be overwhelmed. All her efforts were immediately exerted to console and cheer him, and she even succeeded in eliciting a smile from his lips. When arrived at the scaffold, she said to him, "Ascend," fearing that the sight of her blood might deprive him of the little courage which she had infused into him; and turning to the executioner, she requested that her dejected companion might suffer first. She was answered that the orders were contrary to her desire. "But surely," she replied, "your gallantry as a Frenchman is too great to refuse the last request of a lady." Her demand was granted, and, unappalled by the hideous spectacle she witnessed, with the utmost serenity she calmly submitted to her fate. The defence she delivered upon her trial, and which she had composed the night before, was admitted to have been one of the most beautiful specimens of elocution that was ever recorded in the annals of rhetoric; and, enhanced as it was by the charm of a voice celebrated for the sweetness of its tones, and by the

most brilliant personal attractions, had the effect of exciting a most powerful emotion in her auditors. But all was in vain ; her doom was sealed before she entered the court.

The respectable portion of the public had scarcely dried their tears, which had plenteously fallen for the fate of Madame Roland and the suicide of her husband, when the virtuous Bailly, formerly mayor of Paris, was conducted to execution under the most atrocious circumstances. It was decreed that the guillotine should be erected in the Champ de Mars, as that was designated the theatre of his crime, on account of his having, with La Fayette, given orders for the dispersion of a riotous mob. They made him walk from the Conciergerie to the Champs de Mars, and the red flag which he had hoisted as a signal for the populace to retire was carried before him, and when he arrived at the foot of the scaffold the people insisted that the field of federation should not be polluted with the blood of a Royalist, and set to work pulling down the guillotine, and, carrying it some distance, erected it upon a dunghill. Meantime their wretched victim, with his arms pinioned, was made to walk round the Champ de Mars ; as the operation of fixing the scaffold in another place took some hours poor Bailly became so exhausted that he fell from fatigue. The mob pulled him up, and

he was again forced to drag himself along, whilst his ruffianly persecutors pelted him with mud, struck him with sticks, and sometimes kicked him. The weather was wet and cold, and the wretched man shivered, when a fellow said to him, "Bailly, you tremble." "Yes," replied he, "but it is with cold, not with fear." After burning the red flag under his nose, he was consigned to the hands of the executioner and relieved from misery and torment. Madame Tussaud saw all this, and wept over the cruel fate of one whom she considered amongst the most amiable of men, both as regarded his public and private life. During his years of popularity, no person in Paris was so much admired as Bailly, around whose hospitable table all the men of science and learning assembled; for he was himself a man of deep thought, a great scholar, and a profound philosopher.

A few days after the execution of Bailly, Manuel ascended the scaffold, whom Madame Tussaud represents as being one of the most talented and honourable men of that period. General Brunet and the victorious Houchard in succession were condemned and executed. Indeed, the people had become so mad for blood that persons were seized under the slightest pretence of not obeying the existing powers, and at once

beheaded. In the case of Houchard, at first the whole populace hailed him as a hero, because he had been victorious over the English army ; but suddenly there came a change in public opinion. He was charged with not following up his victory with more success ; his persecutors accused him of allowing British soldiers to escape when he might have taken the whole body prisoners. This charge once made, and the report arriving at the same time that the British army was being reinforced, the people who had worshipped Houchard as a hero a few days before now denounced him ; and, amid the execrations of a vile mob, he walked as boldly to the scaffold as he had previously done to the battle-field.

At this period nothing was so common as death on the scaffold. Twenty-one Girondins were found guilty of treason, and the time occupied in guillotining the whole number was only thirty-one minutes, and in commenting upon their cruel fate, Madame Tussaud says :—“With these victims perished talents and virtues of the most exalted nature. They were not all of equally noble characters, although their political principles were formed on the same basis. Some of them were in the flower of their age, and possessed every attribute, both of person and mind, calcul-

lated to render them the brightest ornaments of their country. Their error consisted in forming too high an estimate of human nature, their ideas of government having proved totally futile in regard to ruling a fierce and turbulent people."



CHAPTER VIII.

Courage of Louis XVI.—His Interview with the Republicans—The Tree of Feudalism—A Battle between the Soldiers and the People—Madame Tussaud's agonizing Suspense—The Terrible Slaughter—Uncle and Brothers Killed—Brutal Acts of the Mob.

HISTORY has recorded the many struggles of Louis XVI. and his family, and their dreadful end. Madame Tussaud, however, insists that the king's courage very frequently was far beyond that which historians attribute to him. The mob's exactions were greater than any sovereign could assent to. On many occasions he met an infuriated populace who came to insult him, and went away awed by his dignity. Once, when the crowd forced their way into the Tuilleries and demanded his presence, he boldly appeared to listen to the cries of "No veto," "No Priests," "No Aristocrats," "The camp near Paris," &c. At last Legendre, a butcher, stepped forward, and, as the mouthpiece of the mob, demanded the confirmation of the decree which abrogated the sovereign rights. "This is neither the place nor the time,"

said the king, with astonishing firmness ; “ I will do all that the Constitution requires.” The mob, struck with such heroic courage, in good humour shouted “ Vive la Nation !” which was echoed by Louis, who added, “ I am its best friend.” “ Then prove it,” said one of the mob, holding towards him a red cap on the point of a pike. The king took it, and placed it upon his head, and the people cheered. The queen soon joined her husband with the little dauphin, and he also had to wear the red cap ; and she thought that a fitting time to tell one of the deputies, who stepped forward to their assistance, of the outrages which had been committed in the palace and elsewhere. The man had tears in his eyes when he saw the broken doors and furniture. The queen said, “ You weep to see the king and his family so cruelly treated by that people whom he has ever wished to render happy.” The man replied, “ It is true, madam, that I weep over the misfortunes of a beautiful and tender-hearted woman and mother of a family ; but do not mistake—there is not one of my tears for the king or the queen : I hate kings and queens.”

The same night Petion, the mayor of Paris, hurried to the palace to assure the king that the people were tranquil and satisfied, having laid before him their remonstrance. “ That is not

true," said the king. "Sire!" exclaimed Petion. "Be silent," reiterated Louis. "It befits not the magistrate of the people to be silent when he does his duty and speaks the truth," returned Petion. "The tranquillity of Paris rests upon your head," observed the monarch. "I know my duty, and shall perform it," replied the mayor. "Enough! go and perform it. Retire," said the angry king; and Petion obeyed. However mild might be the disposition of Louis, he had, like other men, his moments of ill-humour; and although, perhaps, Petion merited his reproaches, it was most impolitic on the part of the king at this particular period to irritate the mayor of Paris.

At length an important epoch arrived, that of the anniversary of the 14th of July, at the thoughts of which all friends of the royal family trembled. Immense masses of people crowded to the Champ de Mars; and amongst other emblematical monuments there erected was an immense tree, called "The Tree of Feudalism," rising from the centre of an enormous pile, bearing on its numerous branches crowns, ermine mantles, tiaras, doctors' caps, bags of law proceedings, titles of nobility, escutcheons, coats-of-arms, &c., to which the king was invited to set fire.

Through the ceremonies of this dreaded day the king passed with his wonted fortitude; but the

queen's presence of mind utterly forsook her as she saw her husband ascend the steps of the altar of the country, for at this moment some slight confusion took place, and she feared some outrage had been committed on the monarch's person, and shrieked aloud. Up to this time she had been constantly weeping, whilst the cries of "Petion for ever!" continually assailed her ears. All, however, passed without accident; but as the king was returning after having taken the oath, the mob wished to hurry him to the "Tree of Feudalism," that he might set it on fire; he, however, refused, judiciously observing, that there was no longer any such thing as feudalism existing. He then proceeded to join the queen and the dauphin in the military school, whilst the troops, much gratified at having saved him, loudly shouted "Vive le Roi!" which was echoed by the populace, grateful for his deliverance from the apprehensions of that day, which had appeared so pregnant with danger.

This was the last time that the king appeared in public until the day he ascended the scaffold. La Fayette, in his visit to Paris, had seen all, and had planned a scheme for saving the royal family, by carrying them off to the army, having a sufficient number of men to effect it by force if the pacific means he had devised for its accomplishment should prove abortive. The king and queen both

saw the feasibility of the plan, but her majesty observed, "No ; we have once owed our lives to La Fayette ; I should not wish to owe him a second compliment." Thus, from an incomprehensible antipathy which that unfortunate princess had conceived for her deliverer, she rejected the counsel of all her best friends, who implored her on their knees to accept La Fayette's offer, and not remain in the midst of her enemies at Paris.

On the 3rd of August, the forty-eight sections of Paris sent in a petition to the Assembly by Petion, the mayor of Paris, for the dethronement of the king ; and La Fayette's participation in the intended departure of the royal family was generally suspected, but although a vote of accusation against him was proposed, it failed to be carried. Plots were made on all sides to dethrone the sovereign.

At length the 10th of August—that dreadful day so deeply impressed upon Madame Tussaud's mind—arrived, with all its horrors ; and before daylight dawned numerous symptoms were visible, indicating the frightful preparations which were going forward for the perpetration of the horrors which were to be enacted. The royal family and the Court were apprised of all that was plotting against them ; their friends were not inactive, and numbers came to the palace to fight by the side of

their monarch, or to die with him ; and the measures adopted were by no means injudicious, but a succession of untoward events rendered all their precautions abortive. Mandal, the commander of the National Guard, was barbarously murdered on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, by which the whole plan he had formed, of repelling force by force, was frustrated. The king showed his usual courage, descended amongst the troops, and harangued them ; but divisions of opinion amongst the National Guards paralyzed his efforts. Meantime, the assailants kept pouring in from all quarters, and the palace was surrounded by an immense multitude, who were armed in various ways, and had several cannon with them. Finding that the troops were not sufficient in number to resist the tremendous masses which hourly kept accumulating, M. Roederer, the procureur-scindic, advised the royal family to take shelter in the Assembly, to which the king acceded. When the royal fugitives arrived at the hall, they were treated with respect, and placed in the reporters' box, the king saying, "I come among you, gentlemen, to prevent a very great crime ; and think I cannot be safer than in the midst of you."

It was well known that the people and the soldiers must come into conflict, and after the retreat of the king Madame Tussaud suffered

the most torturing suspense, listening with the utmost trepidation, expecting and fearing every instant to hear the cannons' roar ; and soon the dreadful sound thundered forth its peals, proclaiming that the work of slaughter had commenced. We hear of battles at a distance, and of thousands slain, and one exclamation of pity for the fallen just escapes us ; but when within hearing of the murderous conflict, how deep and awful is the sensation as the loud report of guns at each discharge tells of new victims to the raging strife ; and when we know our kindred are struggling amidst the dangers of the fight, what words can describe the pangs of anxiety of one who had five relatives exposed to the fury of that sanguinary combat on the 10th of August ! This was the position of Madame Tussaud, who was long kept in breathless anxiety, ignorant of the fate of her three brothers and two uncles, who were amongst the combatants of the palace. For hours the fighting continued, nor was the massacre ended so long as the insatiated mob could find a victim left on whom to wreak their vengeance.

The departure of the royal family from the Tuilleries was not known to the mob, nor even to a great number of the defenders of the palace. At first the people approached the Swiss Guards amicably, asking to have the palace delivered to

them, and some of the mob had entered, as they thought with permission ; but at that moment a shot was fired up at one of the windows, and this so irritated the Swiss that they replied by a general discharge upon the people, and thus commenced a battle between the soldiers and the people. Two gentlemen named Pallas and De Marchias, ushers of the king's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber, saying, "This is our post, and here we will die."

Madame Tussaud was compelled to remain in the most agonizing suspense respecting her relatives ; but every hour the reports which kept arriving told a tale of slaughter which bereft her of every hope of finding any of those for whom she wept other than as a mangled corpse. Her anticipations were only too true. The next morning, determined to repair to the scene of slaughter to see if she could ascertain the fate of her relatives, a lady, whose husband was in the National Guard, and who was suffering under the same anxiety as herself, agreed to accompany her. They proceeded along the boulevards, fearing to venture through the streets. Slowly pursuing their melancholy course upon their heartrending errand, they at length arrived at the garden of the Tuileries. All was still ; few persons were to be seen, and of these

perchance some were upon the same mission as themselves. The weather was intensely hot ; the sun was just beginning to throw its deep red light upon the highest buildings and trees of the boulevards ; an awful silence pervaded the scene, which seemed even to wrap creation in congenial gloom ; not a breath was stirring, not a leaf was ruffled, while Nature appeared to pause as with horror she reflected upon the atrocities which for the few last hours had darkened the annals of France. At length they entered the gates of those gardens which had so often been the scene of innocent joy and revelry, where happy thousands had appeared in holiday attire to gladden their hearts with healthful recreation. Now, alas, how bitter was the contrast ! Wherever the eye turned it fell upon a mangled corpse, and in some places heaps of the slain were thrown indiscriminately together. The beautiful gravel walks were stained with gore ; the statues, though somewhat spotted with blood, were uninjured, for such was the extraordinary respect manifested for works of art, even by the murderous mob, that when their victims sought refuge by climbing up the statues, the people would not fire on them lest they should damage the beautiful specimens of sculpture ; they therefore kept pricking those who clung to them with their pikes, until the unfortunate wretches were

forced to descend, and were despatched by such means as best suited the caprice of their assassins. As Madame Tussaud beheld the mutilated bodies which strewed the ground, her feelings were the most painful that could be imagined ; she involuntarily shrank on beholding them ; yet a torturing anxiety impelled her to ascertain whether any of the mangled remains scattered around her were those of the relations whom she sought. Dejected and broken-hearted as she was, one ray of hope still lingered within her. Not having found either her brothers or her uncles, it was possible that they might have escaped or been made prisoners ; and this thought cheered her as she turned her steps homewards. But, alas, not long was she suffered to cherish such a consolation, for too soon the fatal news arrived that *all* she sought had perished in the defence of the Tuileries ! How few people are there who have experienced so dreadful a blow as that of losing in one day, by the hands of assassins, three brothers and two uncles ! At first she sank beneath the shock, but a succession of horrors which speedily followed soon produced new excitements, and the terrors of the past were absorbed in those which kept arising before her.

Paris in possession of the mob was one continued scene of murder and bloodshed ; neither age nor sex were respected, and even priests

were murdered in hundreds. They took the amiable Princesse de Lamballe from the prison of La Force and dragged her out to meet a barbarous and cruel death. Let the veil drop over the horrid details which accompanied this demon-like act of barbarity. Many authors have dilated minutely on the savage mutilations which were practised on the person of this angelic being, but we forbear to repeat the disgusting brutalities. Her head was taken to Madame Tussaud, whose feelings can be easier imagined than described. The savage murderers stood over her whilst she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate princess. Madame Tussaud says:—"Having known her virtues, and having been accustomed to see her beaming with all that cheerfulness and sweetness which are ever the heralds of 'temper's unclouded ray,' to hear her accents teeming but of kindness, always affording pleasure to her auditors, and then, alas, for me to have the severed head of one so lovely between my trembling hands was indeed hard to bear! The features, beauteous even in death, and the auburn tresses, although smeared with blood, still in parts were unpolluted by the ruthless touch of her assassins, and shone with all their natural richness and brilliance. Eager to retain a memento of the hapless princess, I proceeded to perform my melancholy task, whilst sur-

rounded by the brutal monsters whose hands were bathed in the blood of the innocent."

When the Princesse de Lamballe was led forth from prison, the demoniacal accusers required two oaths from her—that she would swear to love liberty and equality; and to hate the king, the queen, and royalty; when she replied, "I will take the first oath; the second I cannot, it is contrary to the feelings of my heart." Upon this one of the bystanders, wishing to save her, said, "Do swear, however." There were many amongst the mob who wished to save her, but some one having called out, "Let Madame be set at liberty," this became the dreadful signal for murder, and the fatal stroke was given. Her head, heart, and hands were paraded upon pike-heads about the streets; and some wretch exclaiming, "Let us take them to the foot of the throne," they immediately proceeded to the Temple, to display the horrid spectacle to the royal prisoners. Some attempts were made to prevent the queen seeing it; but hearing it was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe, she instantly fainted, exclaiming, "Then our doom is sealed!" The king, Madame Elizabeth, and Cléry, the *valet de chambre* assisted in bearing the unfortunate princess as far as they could from the scene; but for a considerable time the Temple walls rang with the horrid yells of the brutal mob.

CHAPTER IX.

An Heroic Girl—The Royal Family in Confinement—Madame Tussaud in Prison—Trials and Executions of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and Countess du Barry.

In the midst, however, of the many scenes of blood-shed some instances of feeling were exhibited by the savage democrats, which powerfully illustrated the extreme inconsistency of human nature. One would suppose it impossible that a spark of sympathy could enter the breasts of such ferocious monsters; but it did so happen, says Madame Tussaud, that when any one was acquitted, these butchers exhibited the most extraordinary joy, and would bear the liberated being on their gory arms in triumph, shouting “Vive la Nation!” When the Governor of the Invalides, Monsieur Sombreul, was sentenced to death for no crime but that of having been in the service of the king, one would have thought his venerable appearance would have saved him; but no, he was marched to the scaffold, when his daughter rushed from her prison, amidst the weapons of destruction and in

an agony of grief. As she clasped her father in her arms, she pleaded with such piteous eloquence, amidst floods of tears, that the assassins halted awhile, and handing to her a pot filled with gore, they cried, "Drink, then, the blood of aristocrats!" The heroic girl did as she was required and saved her father. Again, the daughter of Cazotte threw herself upon him, vowing that no powers on earth should separate her from her father, declaring that they must pierce her before they could take her parent's life; adding, "therefore, if you strike, it must be through me." Touched with such an example of filial affection, the murderers shed tears, and "Pardon!" "Pardon!" was echoed at once from a thousand voices, as they suspended the strokes of their uplifted weapons, and the beautiful Elizabeth Cazotte, in an agitated transport of joy, embraced some of the blood-stained assassins, and then triumphantly conducted her father to the bosom of his family; and although she was a remarkably fine handsome girl, and completely in the power of the mob, none offered her the slightest indignity. Yet, whilst weeping at the scene they had just witnessed, the inhuman wretches entered the gaol to seek after other objects; and understanding that the prisoners had been twelve hours without water, resolved they would kill the gaoler for his cruelty, who only

escaped being lynched by the boldness of his replies.

The royal family, when they escaped to the Assembly, had to remain fifteen hours in the hall, bearing the scoffs of the bystanders, and guarded by soldiers in the pay of the Jacobins, who told them they were prisoners. Afterwards they were conducted, *pro tempore*, to the four cells of the ancient Feuillants, where they were miserably accommodated, but they were well guarded from any outrages of the mob; from thence they were transferred to the Temple, and placed under the care of Petion and Santerre, who were held responsible for their safe keeping.

Madame Tussaud states, that whilst the royal family were in the Temple, an intense interest existed in the minds of the people respecting them; and in all the houses round the prison which contained the august captives, the proprietors were enabled to let their lodgings at an extremely high rate, numbers of people paying for admission to those rooms, from the windows of which they could obtain a view of the king and his family walking in the Temple Gardens. Madame Tussaud was once enabled to obtain that melancholy satisfaction, but felt so hurt at seeing her old friends in such a situation, that she never again desired to witness their misfortunes.

But Madame Tussaud herself, her mother, and her aunt were one day, during the absence of M. Curtius, who was at the Rhine with the army, carried off to the prison of La Force and accused of being royalists, and suffered three months' imprisonment. In the same room where they were confined she found about twenty females. Amongst others was Josephine, then Madame Beauharnais, who afterwards became Empress of France. She had with her a little girl, her only daughter, who in later years was Queen of Holland ; people called her La Reine Hortense, long before she had been invested with royalty ; she was a great favourite with Napoleon I., and the court always designated her the pretty Fanny Beauharnais. She married Louis Buonaparte. Madame Tussaud describes Josephine as a kind and excellent woman. She did all in her power to infuse life and spirit into her suffering companions, exhorting them to patience and endeavouring to cheer them. When the great bolts were undrawn, a general shuddering was excited amongst all the prisoners ; but Josephine would rally them, by bidding them have courage ; and it often happened that the alarm was merely caused by the door being opened for persons to bring in food to the prisoners, which certainly was not of the most delicate description. The bread was scarcely

catable ; and this, with peas and beans, so old and hard that they could scarcely be masticated, and a small supply of soup, was all the food allowed them. They were compelled to have their hair closely cut every week, in order that their heads might be in a fit trim for the guillotine, for which they were bid to prepare themselves. Pretty little Fanny, the child of Josephine, was particularly interesting, very lively, and generally amusing, except when she saw her mother weep, which would cause her to cry also. That was but seldom, as Madame Beauharnais did not give way to despondency. Her child, however, would often mingle her tears with those of the other females, who frequently gave vent to grief. There were neither bedsteads nor bedding, all being obliged to sleep upon straw. If any prisoners chose from their own funds to have any additional food purchased for them, they were allowed to have it ; but they feared to have recourse to their friends for money, knowing that they ran the risk of compromising any one who displayed an amiable disposition towards them. Several ladies sent their earrings and other jewels to be sold, that, with the proceeds, they might procure better nourishment than gaol allowance afforded. But Josephine, with her little girl, always lived upon prison fare.

At length the gaoler came one day and informed Madame Tussaud and her relatives that they were at liberty to go when and where they pleased, and they immediately took up their abode with a M. Dejean, a friend of M. Curtius, who was a barrister, and employed at the Hôtel de Ville. They had reason to believe that it was through General Kleber that their emancipation was effected. They left Josephine with her child still in prison, and they did not receive their liberty for a long time afterwards.

Louis XVI.'s trial and execution has been so often recorded that we shall confine ourselves to a few facts. He was cool and collected to the last, and never failed in courage. The most severe trial he had to undergo was that of bidding his last farewell to his family, which, Madame Tussaud says, presented a scene of which no words can convey an idea. Convulsive sobs and incessant weeping deprived the females of the power of utterance. The princess royal fainted when the awful moment of final separation arrived. His family retiring, the king was again left to his reflections, and rallying, he soon resumed his wonted composure. The day of his execution, Madame Tussaud describes as one of the most melancholy and imposing of any she ever remembers to have witnessed. Every shop, and even

every window was closed, and people mostly retired to the backs of the houses along the line by which the dreadful cavalcade had to pass. Incalculable were the floods of tears which on that day were shed ; and although, what with the National Guards and other troops, the Boulevards, from the Rue du Temple to the Place Louis Quinze, were occupied by many thousands, yet a solemn silence reigned, as the carriage, containing the royal victim, passed between the lines of troops which were under arms ; cannon were also planted so as to be in readiness in case any attempt at rescue should occur.

Louis retained to the last all his powers, and his resignation and fortitude were the theme of admiration, even among his enemies. When on the scaffold, he quitted for an instant the executioners, and, advancing with a firm step, addressed the people by declaring that he died innocent of the crimes which had been laid to his charge, and that he forgave the authors of his death, praying that his blood might not fall upon France. What more he would have said it is impossible to state, as Santerre ordered the drums to beat that they might drown the monarch's voice. He then submitted to his fate as the Abbé Edgeworth ejaculated, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven."

"Thus terminated," says Madame Tussaud, "the

career of one of the most amiable men, perhaps, who ever graced a throne, whether viewed as a husband, father, or brother ; in fact, if we regard him as an individual, in the performance of every relative and moral duty he was unexceptionable ; his heart was kind in the extreme, and tender to a fault ; to his excessive sympathy for others may be attributed the errors into which he unhappily fell, and which may, no doubt, be considered as principally contributing to his ruin."

The revolting mockery of the trial of Queen Marie Antoinette took place soon after her husband's execution. There was no tangible crime with which she could be accused ; in fact nothing beyond her love of pleasure and admiration, her influence over her husband, her extravagance, her interference in the appointment of ministers, her correspondence with the enemy, and some minor charges, could be advanced against her ; yet she was found guilty, and on the 16th October, 1793, she was conveyed from her prison to the scaffold. Madame Tussaud, having heard that the queen's hair had turned grey, and that she was so emaciated and altered as scarcely to be recognizable, was impelled by anxiety and curiosity to see her once more, so she went to a friend's house for the purpose of seeing the unfortunate lady pass on her way to the fatal spot where she was

to be relieved from the torments and cruelties of her enemies. As soon, however, as the dreadful cavalcade came in sight, Madame Tussaud fainted and saw no more. When the queen arrived at the place of execution, she cast one sad look towards the Tuileries and displayed some emotion ; but in an instant rallied and met her fate with unflinching courage. Thus perished, in her thirty-eighth year, one of the most brilliant ornaments which ever adorned society. The amiable Princess Elizabeth suffered the same fate as the king and queen, and, perhaps, with even less cause of complaint against her. She appeared before the tribunal with a countenance replete with serenity, answered with calmness all the interrogatories, and heard her sentence without the slightest emotion, and, in proceeding to the scaffold, was only ruffled by one circumstance ; her handkerchief having dropped, left her bosom exposed to the gaze of the multitude, when she turned to the executioner, saying, "In the name of modesty cover my neck, I entreat you." Without a murmur she laid her head upon the block, commanding her soul to heaven and praying for her enemies.

Far different to Madame Elizabeth was the life and death of the Countess du Barry, the once proud mistress of Louis XV. Madame Tussaud possessed a portrait of this celebrated lady taken

at the age of twenty-two, which exhibits a beautiful countenance and figure, but as she advanced in life she became rather *enbonpoint*. Madame Tussaud saw and conversed with her when she was forty ; she was then a tall, handsome woman, rather stout, but had all the dignity of a queen about her; indeed, it is admitted she reigned with unrivalled sway over the weak mind of the then monarch. Scared by the Revolution, she retired to England, where she might have lived in comfort and security ; but, having the imprudence to return to France, she was arrested at her château, and several absurd accusations being made against her, they were deemed sufficient to warrant her execution. She showed the utmost trepidation on her trial, and when conveyed to the scaffold, she uttered the most piercing screams, and gave herself up to violent paroxysms of despair, struggling even to the last with such force, that the executioner had much difficulty in strapping her to the board to which victims were attached for the purpose of being guillotined ; in fact, she fought hard, and it was only by main strength that her head was at length brought to the block. This was a horrible sight, says Madame Tussaud, yet the brutal mob were quite gratified at the exhibition.

CHAPTER X.

The Duke of York—Treatment of Prisoners of War—The Chevalier D'Eon de Beaumont—The Temple of Reason—Tallien—Trial and Execution of the Duke of Orleans—Robespierre—His Motives, his Gallantry, his Dreadful End—A Cruel, Remorseless Man—Napoleon the Great—Madame Tussaud's Arrival in England.

DURING the time these dreadful scenes were occurring in Paris, the armies of France, and those of the allies, were continually and most vigorously engaged. The battle of Fleurus was perhaps one of the most important and obstinate which had, up to that period, been fought between the contending parties ; but ultimately the French remained masters of the field. At this period the Revolutionary Government issued an infamous decree, directing that no quarter should be given to English and Hanoverian soldiers, on account of some French prisoners having been what the Republic chose to designate murdered ; upon this decree becoming known, the Duke of York, with a humanity and feeling which must ever reflect the highest honour on his character, published an

address to his troops, wherein he adverted to the infamous orders of the Convention, under which France was then ruled, and, forbidding his soldiers to retaliate, observed, that "mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in a soldier's character, and I find it impossible to believe that the French nation, even under their present infatuation, will ever enforce so disgraceful an order."

This was not lost on the French soldiers, who were perhaps more amiable than their commanders. A sergeant having taken some English prisoners, brought them to his officer, who said, "Why have you not slain them?" "Because we are saving so much shot," replied the sergeant. "True," observed the officer, "but the representatives will compel us to shoot them." "It is not we," replied the sergeant, "who *will* shoot them; send them to the representatives; and if they are so barbarous, why let them e'en kill and eat them, if they like; and may their blood be upon the heads of the murderers."

One of the most remarkable characters who took part in the long war was the Chevalier D'Eon de Beaumont. This most extraordinary personage passed the first twenty-five years of her life in male attire; when she was declared to be a woman. The explanation given by her mother was, that her husband being much dissatisfied at already

having four daughters, she persuaded him that the fifth child was a son. D'Eon therefore received a masculine education, and entering the Mazarin College, made wonderful progress in the *belles lettres* and jurisprudence, and, whilst still very young, was admitted to the bar. Shortly afterwards, D'Eon was entrusted with a secret mission, and, for the first time, assumed female attire. In 1761, D'Eon, again arrayed in male costume, sought employment in the army, and obtained the rank of Captain of Dragoons, and at Osterwich, at the head of fifty men, charged *eight hundred Prussians*, and forced them to lay down their arms.* D'Eon was next appointed ambassador to England, succeeding the Duc de Nivernois ; and being arrested for debt, pitched the bailiff out of the window, the diplomatic character alone preventing a severe legal visitation for so violent an act. Louis XV. at length persuaded D'Eon to again resume the female garb, adding a pension to his advice. But D'Eon, like Joan of Arc, had lost all relish for petticoats, and anxious again to wear a helmet, offered to raise a company during the great French War, if Louis XVI. would permit her, and she was again in officer's uniform. This

* This is given as a fact in the French records, but it is presumed that some mistake must have been made in calculating the numbers of the respective parties.—EDITOR.

singular person was a frequent visitor at M. Curtius' house. The horrid atrocities which were committed during the Revolution drove D'Eon once more to England, where she lived for some years as a respectable woman, having died in the year 1814. Madame Tussaud says, different opinions prevailed as to the sex of this extraordinary person, and she remembers often to have heard her aunt say, that there was always something about D'Eon which appeared to convey an air of mystery, even in her younger days.

Referring to the condition of France during the time of the Convention, Madame Tussaud says, the people became daily more and more degraded, morality was in a great measure set aside, religion was scoffed at, and the priests had not the slightest control over the people, and were oftentimes punished for daring to disseminate principles which were not in accordance with the wicked hearts of the masses. After some assumed theological discussions, it was decreed by the Convention that Notre Dame should be designated the Temple of Reason, and considered as a Republican edifice. A feast of reason was next announced, and celebrated with great pomp. The wife of a printer named Momoro personated the Goddess of Reason; she appeared in white drapery, an azure blue mantle hung from her shoulders, and from beneath

the cap of liberty her hair flowed in rich profusion ; she was enthroned upon an antique seat with ivy entwined, and was borne by four citizens. She had much personal beauty, even though modesty was, perhaps, wanting ; she was preceded by young girls clothed in white, adorned with crowns of roses ; and the bust of Marat heightened the disgrace of the whole. Musicians, troops, and soldiers of every degree gave splendour to the procession ; speeches were recited, hymns were sung, and plaudits rent the air with shouts of “The Republic for ever !” “Reason for ever !” “Down with fanaticism !” The Convention itself felt compelled to join in the cavalcade of mockery, of which they appeared half ashamed, although they yielded to the demands of the people.

Every day new politicians were rising up, and Robespierre, and others who had obtained high positions by every kind of villany, including murder, began to be decried ; amongst others, were Tallien, Fouché, and Lecointre, all of whom were known to Madame Tussaud, for it was her policy to appear friendly to the coming men, lest she should find herself suddenly seized and imprisoned. Tallien, she says, was the son of a porter, but he had somehow or other acquired a good education, and he entered boldly into the abyss of Revolution. He was a tall man, of rather im-

posing appearance, but his wife was remarkable for grace, and for a noble commanding air ; she is supposed to have effected much good in softening the ferocity of his character, and to have induced him to check some of the cruelties in the district of Bordeaux, where he presided ; she was of a Spanish family, and was the widow of a man named Fontenai before she married Tallien. She did not, however, long remain faithful to her second husband, but, separating from him, she espoused M. de Caraman, Prince of Chimai. Madame Tussaud says she was not overstocked with modesty, and for some reason or other was no favourite with her own sex. One day this lady was walking in the Tuileries, dressed in rather an indecent manner, and some females, apparently indignant at an outrage of decorum, determined to inflict upon her summary justice ; they seized hold of her, and, in spite of resistance and remonstrances, gave her a sound whipping before a crowd of spectators.

During the Revolution Madame Tussaud remarks, that it seemed as if every dog must have his day and then be driven to perdition. Amongst those who flourished for a period, or rather was allowed to enjoy himself to the full, was the Duke of Orleans, who, from very spite, disowned his relatives and became a democrat. At last he

offended Robespierre and was arrested for treason. Being transferred from the prison of Marseilles to Paris, he went through the mockery of a trial. Disgusted with the world and tired of life, he heard his condemnation with utter indifference. On being conveyed to execution, the cavalcade halted before the Palais Royal, his former home, the scene of his revelries and of his bacchanalian excesses, &c.: he regarded it unmoved. For some understood reason, there was a delay of twenty minutes, during which period his carriage was stationary. It was said that Robespierre had demanded of the Duke the hand of his daughter, which was indignantly refused by her father; that after his sentence the same proposal was renewed, with an offer at the same time that his life should be saved if he would consent, Robespierre engaging to arouse the people in favour of the Duke as he arrived before his palace, it having been agreed that if he consented he was to make a signal, when the emissaries of Robespierre were to rush forward, well armed, with cries of "Vive Égalité!" which would have immediately aroused the mob in his favour. But, however debased the Duke of Orleans might have been, he preferred the sacrifice of his life to the retaining it at the price of such dishonour; therefore, as the signal was not given, the *cortége* was allowed to pass on, and Robespierre

was disappointed, having flattered himself that in the last extremity the Duke would have relented. But he met his death with the same courage which had accompanied him through life, and which never forsook him, however great his other faults may have been.

Madame Tussaud relates a curious anecdote respecting the unfortunate Duke. He was in the habit of calling occasionally on a very talented modeller, named Valentino, whom she knew as a friend of her uncle's, and on one of his visits, in the heat of political excitement, the Duke took off his stars and orders, threw them on the ground, trampled and spat on them. He then went and shook hands with Valentino's workmen, to the number of nearly a hundred, and declared that he was, like them, a "sans-culotte," which term, as then applied, simply meant the wearing trousers, which was the custom of all the labouring men at that period, whereas the gentry and bourgeoisie always wore smallclothes, tight at the knees; therefore, according to the true derivation of the word, gentlemen are all "sans-culottes" now-a-days.

The Duke of Orleans has been much execrated on account of his having associated with such familiarity with the lower orders for the sake of obtaining popularity; but Madame Tussaud

observes, with some degree of truth, “Is there not much of the same thing going on in England every day?” No one can suppose that the conduct of the Duke of Orleans proceeded from a patriotic feeling. The powerful incentive which induced him to turn against his caste was revenge, having been treated with contempt by the royal family, which caused him to be the butt of the courtiers, who rivalled each other in heaping upon him indignities and insults; and his vengeance was not upon this or that individual, but was wholesale, having seen the greater number of them hurled to destruction. Thus far he had a signal triumph, but his head was the price he paid for his apostacy. He was a great sensualist; perhaps no man was ever fonder of eating and drinking than the Duke. After condemnation, he asked for twenty-four hours’ grace, which was granted him; and, the ruling passion being strong in death, he ordered a repast to be prepared of the most delicious luxuries, of which he partook with voracious appetite.

The decree, which at this time was promulgated for the expulsion of the ex-nobles and the arrest of suspected aristocrats, excited an alarm throughout all France. Seven thousand individuals were incarcerated in the different gaols and places of confinement in Paris, and altogether the

number, in the different departments of France, was two hundred thousand.

Robespierre was a frequent guest at the table of M. Curtius, therefore Madame Tussaud had many opportunities of seeing him and conversing with him, as, at the dinners given by her uncle to the eminent men of that day, or rather before the Revolution broke out, it happened that Robespierre was generally seated next her. He was always extremely polite and attentive, never omitting those little acts of courtesy so agreeable to a lady, anticipating her wishes and taking care that she should have everything without asking for it. Robespierre's conversation was generally animated and agreeable, but his enunciation was not good ; he had not the talent, energy, nor power over his auditors that Marat had ; indeed, says Madame Tussaud, it has often excited surprise that he should have attained the ascendancy that he ultimately acquired, possessing, as he did, scarcely any of those qualities which are considered necessary to command political influence. Some authors have undertaken to defend his motives, and contend that what he did was merely from patriotic principles, and that he always imagined he was benefiting the country in sending such multitudes to the scaffold ; whilst it has been observed that his actions never could have sprung

from selfish feelings, as, when he was in the zenith of his power, he was living in a small lodging and dining upon thirty sous (fifteenpence) per day, and that he was never known to accept money, either as a bribe, or upon any other consideration. But Madame Tussaud relates several anecdotes which represent his character in another light. One instance of his not rejecting gold came within her own knowledge. A Monsieur Phillipstal was exhibiting his phantasmagoria in a large room filled with people, some time after the execution of Louis XVI., and one of the men employed, by mistake advanced the figure of the unfortunate monarch, and drawing it up in order to make room for another, this act was judged by the audience as a sort of allegory, implying that the king would rise to heaven ; whereupon the greatest disapprobation was manifested, and M. Phillipstal was immediately arrested by the gens d'armes and conveyed to prison. His wife, after having tried other means to obtain her husband's release, came in the middle of the night to M. Curtius to solicit his influence, which he promised to exert the next morning, on behalf of the unfortunate prisoner. As Phillipstal was at that time a rich man, keeping his carriage, and living in a style consistent with a good fortune, his wife signified her readiness to sacrifice a sum of money to obtain her husband's

emancipation, giving M. Curtius three hundred louis for him to present to Robespierre, which request was complied with. On M. Curtius leaving the room, after having obtained an order for Phillipstal's release, he left on the table the money without saying a word to Robespierre about it; and as the louis were never sent back, there can be no doubt that the gift was accepted.

Robespierre, Madame Tussaud states, was a middle-sized man, marked with the small-pox, and wore green spectacles, for the purpose, perhaps, of hiding his eyes, which were particularly ugly, the white being of a yellow cast: it has been said that his sight was weak. His features were small, inclining to sharpness; they were not particularly expressive of ferocity, nor had they anything sufficiently remarkable to have attracted notice, had he not rendered himself conspicuous by his enormities. Robespierre exhibited much gallantry to the ladies, and perhaps, it may be thought, sometimes carried his politeness too far. Walking one day on the Boulevards with a lady, she very much admired a house. "Would you like to have it?" asked Robespierre. "Indeed I should," was the reply. "Then, madam, it shall be yours," said Robespierre, and absolutely carried his courtesy so far as to have the owner denounced as an enemy to the republic, and immediately

executed, and his property confiscated, by which means Robespierre easily obtained possession of the house and presented it to the lady.

Amongst other acts of his, which prove that private feelings, and not always patriotic motives, caused him to send his victims to execution, Madame Tussaud gives the case of Madame St. Amaranthe. Her husband had been a lieutenant-colonel in the body guards of Louis XVI., and was killed in the assault of the Tuileries on the 10th of August. She was one of the most beautiful women in France ; Robespierre saw her and was charmed with her, but she repelled his advances with indignation. Robespierre, at that time in full power, soon found a pretext for bringing her before a revolutionary tribunal, when she was tried, condemned, and beheaded at the age of twenty-two. She sat to Madame Tussaud, at the request of her brother, only a few months before her execution, and the portrait was filled up and adorned in a most elegant and expensive manner.

The death of Robespierre was equal to his deserts. When tried himself and found guilty, and seeing there was no means of escape for him, he endeavoured with a pistol to blow out his brains, but only shattered his under-jaw, which was obliged to be tied up when he was taken to the scaffold. The executioner, when about to do his office, tore

the dressing roughly away, and Robespierre uttered a piercing cry as his lower jaw separated from the upper, whilst the blood flowed copiously. His head presented a most dreadful spectacle, and immediately after death it was taken to the Madeleine, where Madame Tussaud took a cast of it, which likeness is still in existence.

There were, however, others as cruel and remorseless as Robespierre, Madame Tussaud thinks, who flourished during the Revolution. There was a man named Fouquier Tinville, who was a sanguinary monster, who held the office of public accuser ; his delight—and the only delight he had in life—was to see the unfortunate victims suffer. A person was brought to the bar of the tribunal of the name of Gamache ; when the officer of the court stepped forward and said, "This is not the man accused." "Never mind," said Fouquier, "bring him up nevertheless." The real Gamache then appeared, when both were sentenced to the guillotine and were immediately executed. There was another public accuser named Couthon, a cripple, whose cruelties brought upon him the vengeance of outraged humanity, and he was himself miserably executed.

M. Curtius was absent with the army about eighteen months. He had been sent to the Rhine by Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois. He had been selected for this purpose on account of his speaking

German. He returned very ill; it was suspected that poison had been administered to him through the instance of a general in the army, from the effects of which he died. This was a great grief to his niece, who, having lost her guardian, married M. Tussaud in 1795, by whom she had two sons and one daughter.

France did not recover itself from the degradation into which it had fallen until Napoleon became First Consul, the other two consuls being Roger Ducos and Sieyes; the latter two were soon succeeded by Cambacères and Le Brun, all of whom were well known to Madame Tussaud. She was sent for to the Tuileries to take the likeness of Napoleon, and was desired to be there at six o'clock in the morning. She was punctual to time, and was ushered into a room where she found the renowned warrior with his wife and a Madame Grand-Maison, whose husband was a deputy and a partisan of Napoleon's. Both Napoleon and Josephine were pleased with the likeness, and Napoleon came a few days afterwards with Massena and one of his aides-de-camp, to have casts taken of their features, the First Consul observing that she must take great pains with his aide-de-camp's portrait, as it was a complete head of Christ, the features bearing much resemblance to the representations of the Saviour.

Peace being concluded between France and Austria, preliminaries to the same effect were soon commenced with England and finally arranged on March 27th, 1802, at Amiens, between the French and English Governments^{“”}, when Madame Tussaud, desirous of availing herself of the opportunity of visiting England, endeavoured to procure a passport; but Fouché, the Minister of Police, to whom she was well known, refused to grant her one, on the ground that it was contrary to the existing laws of France to allow any artist to leave the nation, and it was only through the influence of higher authority—even that of the great Napoleon—that Madame Tussaud was allowed to depart from a country where almost all her early friends had fallen victims to the guillotine or were expatriated. It was with joy unspeakable, she says, that she first put her foot on the land of freedom. She very soon became well known and appreciated in London, where her genius was always acknowledged, and England ever after was her adopted country. She lived in this favoured land for nearly half a century, and in 1850, having attained the ripe age of ninety, she closed her long and eventful life and her remains were deposited in Brompton Cemetery.

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